



52 DAYS

5/8/39—25/9/39



PRICE

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AN ACCOUNT OF HIS
TOUR IN CANADA AND
THE UNITED STATES
BY SIR PERCY EVERETT,
M.A., F.S.S., Deputy Chief Commissioner.

With best wishes from
The Author.

T. E.

17/7/42



Prairie Provinces Collection

FIFTY-TWO DAYS

AUGUST 5TH TO SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1939

An account of a Tour in Canada and
the United States

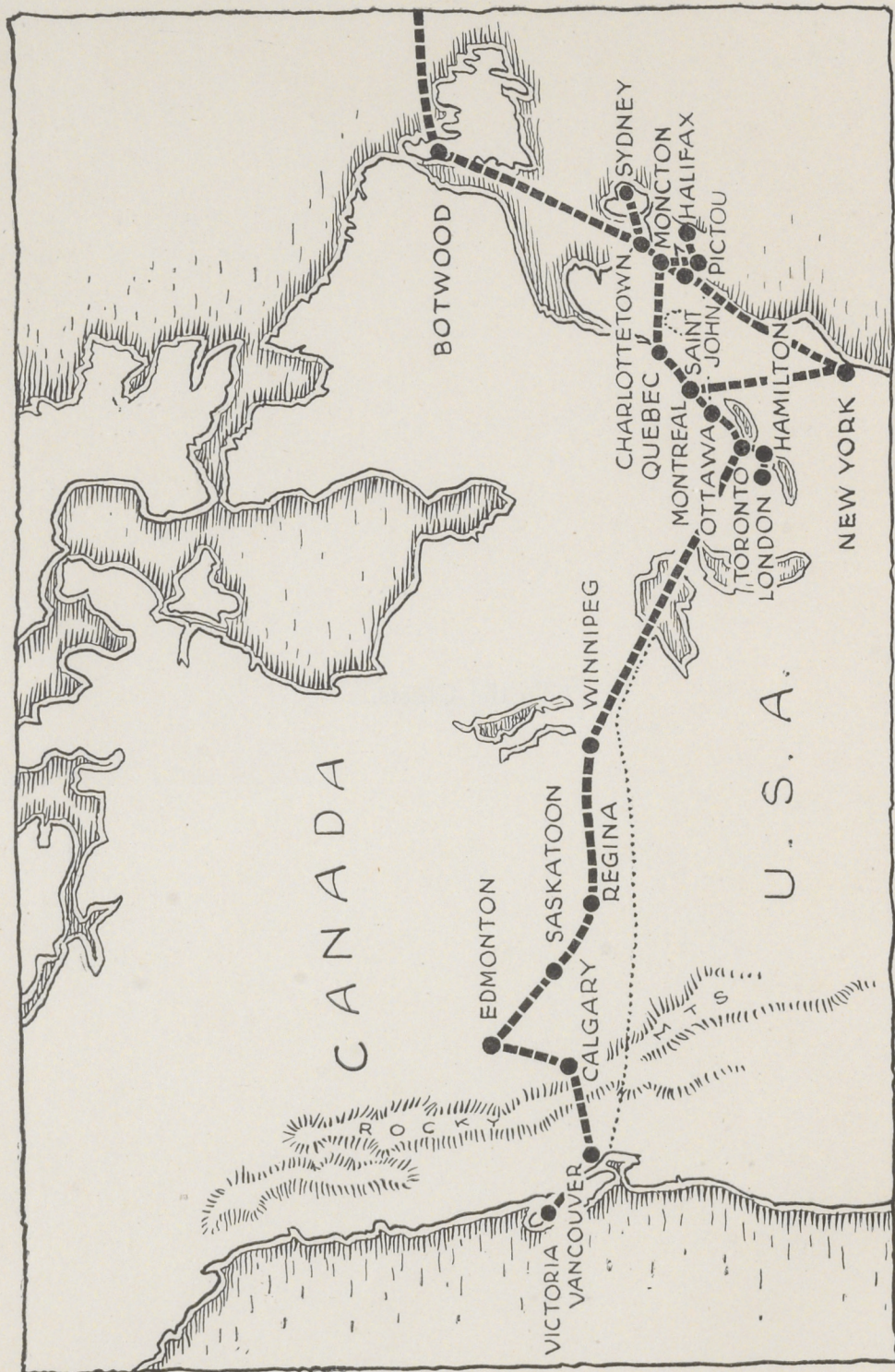
BY

SIR PERCY EVERETT,

Deputy Chief Commissioner, Boy Scouts Association.

I apologise for the horribly personal nature of this Diary.

“ To the Chiefs.”



PLACES VISITED ON MY TOUR.

FIFTY-TWO DAYS

BY

SIR PERCY EVERETT,

Deputy Chief Commissioner, Boy Scouts Association.

The war has quite changed the value of most things, and many events which seemed of major importance a few months ago have receded into the far distance.

In 1938 I was asked by the Canadian Scout Authorities to go to Canada to represent Lord Baden-Powell, our Chief Scout, in order to report on the progress of Scouting throughout the Dominion and to help in interesting the general public in an appeal which the Scouts intended to make for financial support in the year 1940.

Unfortunately, in 1938, I had considerable responsibility in connection with our own financial appeal in England and was therefore unable to accept the invitation.

The invitation was renewed for 1939 and, as a result, a tour of Canada was arranged for me during the months of August and September.

The Schedule (see pages 70-72) as agreed upon by the Canadian Authorities looked quite strenuous on paper, but in reality gave me far too much spare time, so that actually I made very many more contacts than appear in the programme, but of the details of my tour more anon.

First let me give some statistics of mileage covered, meetings held, and other figures which to me are interesting, but which will probably bore the average reader.

I spoke at 100 meetings for ten minutes or more and made innumerable personal contacts.

I saw 4,400 Scouts and Guides, 2,800 Supporters, and 3,948 Scouters and Guiders. I broadcast eight times in the following cities of Canada:—Vancouver, Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Saint John and Halifax.

I travelled 18,876 miles in 52 days, an average of 363 miles a day, made up as follows:—

Walked	298
Car	3,678
Train	4,109
Hydroplane	3,893
Land plane	3,901
Sea	2,997

The nights were spent as follows:—

27 in hotels.
 8 in train.
 6 in ships.
 6 in private houses.
 2 in camp.
 2 in the air above the land, and
 1 in the American Clipper—52 in all.

I carried out the complete programme as planned by the Canadian Scout people, with many additional items which will appear in the diary. The only change was that, owing to the war, the Canadian Air Force was not able to allow me a plane in which to tour the Maritime Provinces, so I had to do two extra night journeys by train.

AUGUST 5TH—AUGUST 9TH.

These days were spent in the *Empress of Britain*. I had one of the suite of rooms occupied by Their Majesties on their return journey from Canada to England in May—so the steward told me with great pride. We had a very pleasant journey—but not rough enough for my liking.

The *Empress of Britain* is a most comfortable ship with three funnels, of which the after one is a dummy filled with water. There are seven miles of passage way, a tennis court and a swimming pool, so there could be no excuse for not taking sufficient exercise.

I was at the Staff Captain's table and in addition to the nice people there, I had very pleasant contacts with Lord Beaverbrook, Beverley Baxter, M.P., Lord Castlerose, and three young married couples with whom I had a previous link. They were going on holiday to Canada, and I often wonder how and when they got back to England.

I also "contacted" (the American word which continually came into my conversation for the rest of the tour) some

Deep Sea Scouts who formed a part of the crew of the *Empress of Britain*. I had a very jolly evening with them and promised them that on the return I would tell them about my adventures in Canada, a promise which, alas, by the dramatic turn of events, was broken.

The term Deep Sea Scout may be new to many of my readers. These fellows represent a comparatively new branch of Scouting formed to satisfy the need of members of the brotherhood who are in the Royal Navy, the Royal Merchant Navy or in fact anyone who goes to sea for his livelihood. Many of those who are in the Royal Navy or attached to some of the big shipping lines are able to enjoy Scouting activities while on the high seas, while the others have to wait until they reach port. We have liaison officers in ports all over the world who are able to put the Deep Sea Scouts in touch with shore Troops, where they lend a hand as instructors and take an active part in the Rover Scout Crew. We term these splendid fellows our Ambassadors of Scouting.

I little realised on this peaceful voyage on the *Empress of Britain* that within a short month the Deep Sea Scouts would be playing such a vital part in the defence of our Empire. It was brought home to me with full force when I heard of the tragic loss of H.M.S. *Courageous*, for on the 21st February, 1931, this ship, then lying off Gibraltar, was the scene of a memorable conference of Deep Sea Scouts of the Atlantic Fleet and the broad decks of this aircraft carrier staged the first Camp Fire afloat.

I don't suppose any of us would have made the voyage if we had thought that war would be declared on September 3rd. We were all optimists, or rather did not conceive it possible that Hitler would take such a mad step as to invade Poland after the warnings he had received from England and France.

We had an extra hour a day throughout the voyage, a pleasant prelude to the difficulties about time which were to confront me during the whole of my Canadian trip. There are, as you know, five time-zones in Canada, varying by one hour each, namely, Atlantic time, Eastern time, Central time, Mountain time and Pacific time. In addition, some of the Provinces had Daylight Saving time and some had not, so it was not always easy to adjust one's watch to the actual time of the place to be visited.

But whatever the time was on board, it passed rapidly and pleasantly till we berthed at Quebec at 12 noon on August 10th.

AUGUST 10TH.

I was met at Quebec by Sir Edward Beatty and many representatives of the Scout Movement in Canada; also by the inevitable Pressmen and Photographers who presented themselves with unfailing regularity on my arrival at every new place throughout my tour. I do not complain. They were always most considerate and did me many a good turn. I am only sorry that such headlines as "SIR PERCY SAYS THERE WILL BE NO WAR" were the way in which they interpreted my replies to their questions on this subject. I was always most careful to say that I was no prophet, and I hoped and thought that there would be no war, because I did not think that Hitler would be so foolish as to fling himself against the united strength of the British Empire and France, but the crude headline always confronted me each new day. But never mind, generally speaking the Press were most helpful to me and I do hope that I was equally considerate to them.

After finalising plans (another Americanism) for the next three days with our Scout people, I was taken to lunch at the Garrison Club when we had an interesting discussion on local Scout problems. Then for a drive in and around the City and to the Montmorency Falls, which to me were just as fascinating as Niagara and that wonderful double angled fall, Gullfoss, in Iceland. From the Montmorency Falls the city of Quebec derives its electric power.

I was also thrilled with the visit to the monument erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, the protagonists in the struggle between England and France in 1759.

The day ended with a dinner of leading Scout people in Quebec, followed by a talk. It was all most interesting and covered such subjects as Lady Cubmasters, the Rover Section, Junior Sea Scouts, the Chief, National Service and Leakage between Cubs and Scouts.

This dinner, like most I attended in Canada, began at 6.30, but there was so much to talk about that we did not break up until after midnight.

How to keep fit and get adequate exercise were two difficult problems when travelling so much. "Moderation in all things" solved No. 1. I never had a minute's illness throughout my tour. As to No. 2, whenever it was possible I made a point of a walk of a mile or two before turning in. All Canadian cities are laid out on the block system, and I believe that a walk round a couple of blocks was nearly a mile. That was my nightly ration, however late it might be.

AUGUST 11TH.

Another fine morning. By the way, except for two occasions, the weather was perfect by day throughout the whole of my tour. The sun was always shining, the atmosphere crystal clear, temperature not too hot and the air most invigorating. It seemed to me impossible not to be fit and well and ready to tackle any job in stimulating weather like this.

A blight was straight away cast over my life when I found after breakfast that my watch, on which I had depended for over fifty years, had unaccountably stopped. There was an ominous rattle when shaken which made me think that the mainspring had been broken.

Outside the hotel I was wondering what to do about it when a Scout came up (I was in uniform) and asked if he could help. I said I wanted a watch-maker's and told him what had happened. He showed me his watch which cost a dollar and had kept perfect time for a year. He said he would gladly lend it to me. I asked him to guide me to the nearest watch-maker's, where I followed his example and invested a dollar in a watch. Meantime, I handed my own watch to the man at the counter. After investigating its internal mechanism he sent it out to his work-room. In a quarter-of-an-hour it came back ticking steadily. The trouble was not a broken spring, but only a sliver of metal which had got into the wheels. I asked the charge. "Nothing," he said, "it's my good turn for the day." That is one advantage of being a Scout. So I went out of the shop with two perfectly good watches which kept splendid time for the rest of my tour.

The remainder of the morning was spent in visits to Cardinal Villeneuve, Head of the Catholic Church in Canada, the Hon. Onesime Gagnon, Minister of Mines and Fisheries, who was deputising for the Premier in his absence from Quebec.

We then called on the Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. E. L. Patenaude, and with each of these distinguished people I spent about half-an-hour.

Cardinal Villeneuve was most gracious and showed me some wonderful treasures, including Robes and Chalice of Louis XIV. period, and told me how intensely interested he was in the Scout Movement, how loyal the French Catholics were to the Throne, and how much they had appreciated the visit of Their Majesties.

The Minister of Mines was an old Rhodes scholar and very keen on Scouting. He offered me free all the fishing and hunting I wanted in Canada. Alas, there was no time or opportunity to accept this most attractive invitation.

My visit to the Lieutenant-Governor was equally happy. He quite evidently had an inner knowledge of the Scout Movement and specially emphasised the need of keeping in touch with the older boys.

At 1 o'clock a luncheon was given by the Canadian Club of the City of Quebec, 175 people being present. The Cardinal was represented by Monseigneur Laflamme, with judges, mayors, bishops, Scout and Guide officials.

I was the unfortunate guest for the occasion and found at the last moment that my talk was to be broadcast. I survived that ordeal, I hope satisfactorily, my talk being mainly about Scouts, on which it was difficult for anyone to contradict me. At 3 o'clock I left for the river to fly by hydroplane to the Gilwell Training Camp of La Federation des Scouts Catholiques, three hundred miles away.

It was quite a small plane into which four of us with luggage, including the pilot, managed to stuff ourselves. The first one hundred miles were delightful and without incident, over the St. Lawrence, with a belt of civilization on either side, then, as far as the eye could see, unlimited forests, mountains and lakes. At Three Rivers we came down for gas (the American word for petrol), and when after filling up 40 gallons, the pilot taxied into the middle of the river the machine would not rise. For an hour he tried every manoeuvre possible to rise into the air, but the machine would *not* lift off the water. We jettisoned one Scout into a boat in the middle of Lac St. Pierre, but still no luck. Finally we had to taxi 20 miles back on the top of the water to Three Rivers. By now it was 7 o'clock. The pilot thought

the machine would lift with me alone, but, as there was still 200 miles to go and only one hour of daylight left, and we would be landing on a lake to which the pilot had never been before, we decided to abandon the trip. Also, I should have hated to abandon Stiles, the Dominion Executive and my guardian angel whilst in Canada. I was naturally very sorry to miss this training camp, but we had been three hours in a very hot cockpit, hot from the blazing sun as well as the engine, so very properly it was decided to cancel the trip.

We therefore changed our plans, went to Montreal by train and stayed the night at an hotel there.

AUGUST 12TH.

The morning was spent in visiting Scout Headquarters and sight-seeing in Montreal, the largest city in Canada, with its population of 1,000,000 people, and its splendid situation on the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers.

The main portion of the city is on an island four miles long and two miles broad, with buildings round and upon a hill which dominates this island and from which wonderful views in all directions can be obtained.

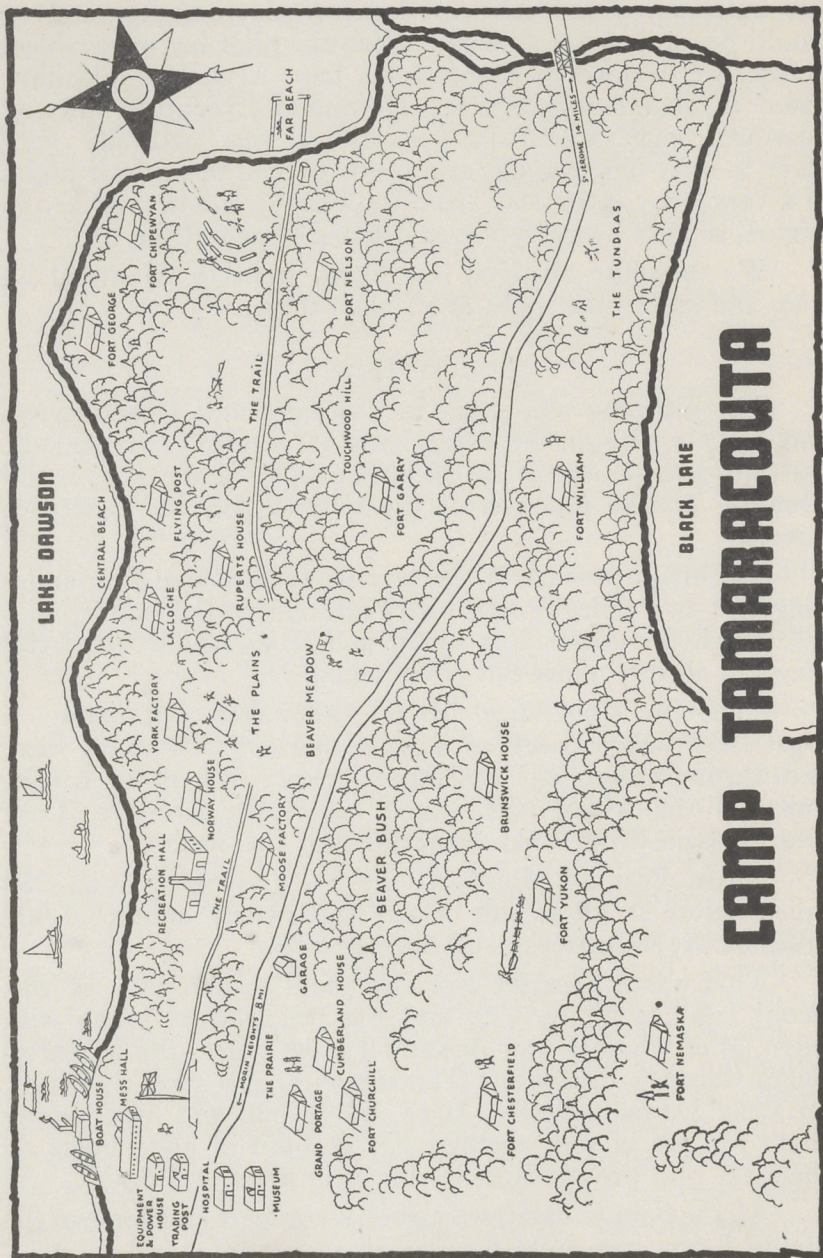
The St. Lawrence River dominates Montreal, a great river which rises in Lake Ontario, 1,000 miles west, and through that lake and the intricate system of canals, links up the whole lake system of North America, Lake Huron, Lake Erie, Lake Superior and the rest.

Then, East of Montreal, the St. Lawrence flows 250 miles before it meets salt water, and nearly another 1,000 miles before it empties itself into the ocean.

This was a pleasant morning spent in company of our Scout Leaders in the City and was followed by lunch with them, after which I was driven 50 miles out to the Montreal Scout Camp, a fine site at Tamaracouta, 350 acres in extent, on Lake Dawson, with a large dining hall and another big room for use in wet weather, any amount of good boats on the Lake and proper facilities for swimming and diving.

All the boys in camp were good swimmers and some of the diving I saw was quite wonderful.

On arrival in camp I was met by four of the French Scouters whom I had hoped to see at their own Training Course when the hydroplane let us down. They had



motored across country 150 miles in order to apologise that the machine put at my disposal by them had proved so unworthy.

It was a beautiful day when I arrived and I enjoyed a swim in the water which was a very comfortable temperature. I also had a chance that afternoon of seeing a good deal of the sites occupied by individual Troops, and of discussion with the Scouters about their various camping problems.

There was a Camp Fire, held indoors as rain was threatening. It was a very wise precaution as just as I began to speak, rain, thunder and lightning descended upon us and for a few minutes it was quite impossible to make myself heard. It was about as bad a thunderstorm as I have ever been in. We filled up the time with songs and rounds until the storm abated.

The rain eased up for a little while after the Camp Fire, so we got back to our sleeping berths dry, but the storm started again and raged all night. There was not much sleep for me, as, in addition to the interruptions from the storm, there was a continual flash of headlights from cars on the public road through the camp conveying revellers to their homes after a midnight dance at a popular Road-house nearby.

AUGUST 13TH.

A fine morning after the storm, which was spent very happily amongst the Scouts on their own camp sites.

These fellows are lucky to have such good camping facilities, but they are unlucky that camping is possible only for so few months in the year. It is difficult to realise, when enjoying the warmth and sunshine of the Canadian Summer, that for six or more months in the year practically the whole of Canada is frozen solid, the temperature going down to 40 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and that during the early Spring period roads that have not been cleared of snow through the Winter are in an almost impossible and impassable condition of mud and slush.

There are relics of the cold weather in the costume of some of the boys in camp. Many of them wear trousers instead of shorts. In Winter, shorts are impossible out of doors. The knees would be frost-bitten, and the poorer

boys at any rate have not much money to spare for extra suits.

In the Winter it is necessary to protect all exposed parts of the body from the extreme cold, which may affect even the face, particularly the nose and ears. I am told that the ears are particularly vulnerable and that, quite unconsciously, the ears may suffer severely from frost-bite. It is not at all uncommon for the remark to be passed in the street between two comparative strangers, "Pardon me, Sir, but your ears are frozen."

Coming back to the camp; I had a farewell lunch with the boys, after which, at the final "good-bye," 400 of them sang "There is a Tavern in the Town" whilst I paraded ceremoniously up and down through their ranks.

The afternoon was devoted to a visit to another camp site, Camp Bois Franc, nearer to Montreal, where I was ambushed by Red Indians, who charged me from all sides. I was taken captive to the Camp Headquarters, where I was released and given an opportunity of a talk with the Scouts, and, later on, with the Scouters.

Then tea and an inspection of the camp site and return to Montreal. This was followed by a quiet dinner and a talk with the Provincial Commissioner, in which my plans for the return visit to Montreal in September were discussed.

AUGUST 14TH.

I left Montreal for Ottawa at 7.00 a.m. and reached the Capital City in time to change into civilian clothes, which I had been told was the correct thing, for a Rotary Club luncheon in my honour. I may say that this was the first and last time I appeared in public otherwise than in Scout uniform.

I found everywhere that, as I was representing the Chief Scout, they liked me to be dressed as a Scout, even at a formal dinner party given by the Mayor of Toronto, where everyone else was in full evening dress, with white tie and tails.

Nearly 200 were present, which was considered a very good number, especially in the holiday season, and the professional and business men, as well as Civil Servants, were well represented.

I talked about hospitals and other things; other things being Scouts, which occupied more than half my time. It was a very pleasant and I hope a useful function.

Ottawa is a beautifully situated city at the junction of the Rideau and Gatineau Rivers with the mighty Ottawa River from which the city takes its name.

It was called Bytown till 1854 in compliment to General By who went out from England in 1823 to survey the Rideau Canal, which links up the river and the great lakes and makes Ottawa the centre of the lumber industry.

After dining with the Scout Headquarters people I had a very pleasant evening's Bridge with three members of the Ottawa Bridge Club. The wife of my host, by the way, was the Champion Lady Bridge Player of Canada, and showed me, with justifiable pride, the Cup which had been presented to her to celebrate the occasion.

The fact that I was a keen Bridge player and had indeed taken a share in producing the book called "Common Sense in Contract Bidding," which was in effect a plea for a simpler and more straightforward system of calling, rather than the elaborate conventions which were beginning to obsess the Bridge world, was very helpful to me on my tour, for Canada is a Bridge loving country.

I happened to win when I was playing with these experts, but I am willing to confess that it was due far more to my cards than to my play. This fact got into the Press and was referred to by my Chairman at nearly every subsequent public luncheon.

I said that this was helpful to me, and I believe it was, because the public in general are far more likely to listen to a person talking about Scout subjects if he has some of the normal failings, such as Bridge, Golf and Tennis, of the average individual.

This was the end of a really delightful day. I spent the night at the Chateau Laurier Hotel at Ottawa, one of the most comfortable at which I have ever stayed.

AUGUST 15TH.

This was another beautiful day. After letter writing and rounding up my reports, the Hon. Dominion Secretary of the Scouts, Mr. Gerald H. Brown, took me to the Royal Ottawa Golf Club for lunch. I wish that I had had my golf

clubs with me because it looked a beautiful course. But what a tragedy that for over four months of the year this Course is unplayable owing to snow and frost.

After lunch I went over to the Ottawa Civic Hospital, and I ought perhaps here explain that I am Chairman of two Hospitals in England and on the Committee of a third, so whenever I had any spare time I spent it in inspecting Hospitals, especially from the management point of view.

The Ottawa Civic Hospital, with 600 beds, and Dr. Ronald Robertson in charge, is very up to date and it was a joy to go round with him.

I was particularly interested in a special type of rubber flooring a quarter-of-an-inch in thickness, washed daily, which had lasted for 16 years.

I was glad to have a few words in Hospital with Dr. Francis H. Gisborne, the Honorary Counsel for the Canadian General Council, and also Chairman of the Dominion Medical Board, who was awaiting a second operation for a complaint from which many elderly men suffer.

Then to Government House to sign the Visitor's Book. Unfortunately the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, was out of town. I had the same bad luck with the Prime Minister, who was resting at his Summer home some fifteen miles away.

Subsequently, I received very pleasant notes, one from Lord Tweedsmuir, asking me to lunch on my return visit to Ottawa in September, and one from the Prime Minister, Mr. McKenzie King, in which he said:—"I am sorry that, having been absent from Ottawa at the time of your visit in the Capital, it was not possible for me to have had the privilege of making your acquaintance. I shall hope for that pleasure at some future time."

I dined with Stiles and his delightful family before leaving by air for Vancouver.

AUGUST 16TH.

This part of the Diary really starts the night before, when I was driven by Stiles from Ottawa to the Airport to catch the Vancouver plane at 9.30 p.m.

The Trans-Canadian Air Passenger Service had only been instituted for three months, but it had already shown its essential value to the Dominion.

These Lockhead planes are, I believe, the fastest in the world for the conveyance of passengers. They have a cruising speed of between 200 and 250 miles an hour. They are ten seaters, fitted with very comfortable arm-chairs which can be set back to assume a reclining position, so that one can sleep in comfort. They carry two pilots and an air attendant who must, I fancy, be chosen for her slimness, youth, efficiency and charm.

I flew about 4,000 miles in these planes, and I could never ask for safer and better service, more comfort and more easy travelling in every way. How, for long distances, anyone could ever wish to travel by rail or boat once having tried the air service I cannot imagine, and the fares are not too expensive.

There was a large crowd at Ottawa Airport to see the plane depart; in fact, at all the Air Stations there were many curious spectators, even in the middle of the night, the novelty of the Air Service not having worn off.

Before starting there were the usual preliminaries, including luggage weighing. You may take 40 lbs. free—a well-filled suitcase.

The plane left punctually. While rising from the ground and when descending, no smoking is allowed. You also attach a belt round your middle. I could not conceive why the latter manoeuvre, but I was told it was an extra precaution in case the plane descended too quickly and you came to earth with a bump, which, if it were not for the belt used, might shoot you up unpleasantly quickly to the roof of the plane.

We came down first at North Bay and changed into a through plane from Montreal to Vancouver.

My whole flight from Ottawa to Vancouver was 2,301 miles. We came to earth five times, North Bay, Winnipeg, Regina, Lethbridge and finally Vancouver, generally staying down for about 20 minutes, to give time to stretch our legs, etc. I may say that there *were* etcetera arrangements on the plane! This is a question about which, quite naturally, everyone has asked me.

Then we went off from North Bay to Vancouver, flying at about 7,000 feet. At first it was a beautiful, clear, fine night and we had a wonderful sight of the Aurora Borealis which was a far more complete and beautiful spectacle from

the air than I have ever seen it from the land, even in the North of Scotland.

Then about an hour from Winnipeg, just when I was beginning to think it was time to get a little sleep, we ran into a most violent thunder-storm; lightning above, below and on all sides of us, accompanied by peals of thunder. The plane tossed about like a cork, and though to those who don't like aeroplane bumps the sensation was distinctly unpleasant, I had no feeling of insecurity.

Finally, as we dropped down at Winnipeg at 3 o'clock in the morning, the storm abated, though it was still raining in torrents and the Airport was under water.

With the aid of umbrellas, we slushed through three inches of water from the plane to the shelter of the Airport, but before we left, twenty minutes later, the rain had subsided and the night became clear and calm.

I read in the papers next day that this storm was the worst for many years.

As we left Winnipeg the day began to break, and then for 1,000 miles we flew over the prairies—a vast expanse of flat country so far as one could see in either direction—and *it was all wheat*.

As the sun rose the fields took on a beautiful yellow tinge, for the wheat was ripe and harvesting operations just commencing. Every alternate field was wheat, the others lying fallow; this being the system of cultivation.

Up to the present farmers generally have been exploiting the virgin soil without any artificial stimulation. This is called wheat mining—with no other crops and no cattle, sheep or pigs, but farmers are beginning to realise now that this method cannot go on for ever and that other crops and systems must be employed.

But as I flew over these Prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and saw these limitless fields of wheat, I just thought that here there was enough wheat to feed the world.

Actually this year's crop has been very good, after six lean years, being nearly 500,000,000 bushels.

It was all too fascinating to think of sleep.

After a stop at Regina and Lethbridge we went over the Rockies.

How can I describe the grandeur of this part of the flight, rising to heights of over 14,000 feet amongst snow-capped peaks, past mountains of incredible shape and jagged outline, whilst canyons, forests, lakes and vast rivers flowing through gorges were below us. In the morning sun, it was a scene I shall never forget.

We had breakfast on board consisting of Coffee, Coffee Cream, Fruit-juice, Cereal, Cereal-cream, Marmalade and Buttered Bun, all in separate card cartons, so that when we descended at Vancouver we were well fed but, so far as I was concerned, very short of sleep.

Finally, at 11 o'clock, we dropped down at Vancouver. That is to say between 9.30 one night and 11 o'clock the next morning we had covered 2,300 miles. Actually it was not $13\frac{1}{2}$ hours' flying, but $16\frac{1}{2}$ hours, as we had been through three time zones.

At Vancouver I was met by Mr. A. McKelvie, Provincial Scout Commissioner, British Columbia, and other Scout friends.

By the way, I heard a good story on the plane, which I had better put down now before I forget it.

I was discussing with my next-seat neighbour the excellence of Canadian hotels, and this is what he told me:—

A friend of his went to the only hotel in the city and found it absolutely full up. "I am afraid, Sir, that I cannot give you a room," said the booking clerk, "the best I can give you is half of a private dining room. There's a screen across it, and a lady has the other half, but she won't bother you."

The friend agreed that the accommodation would do at a pinch and retired to his room.

Half-an-hour later he ran to the lobby, wild-eyed and pale. "Hey," he yelled to the clerk, "that woman is dead."

"I know it," said the clerk, "but how did you find out?"

The rest of the day was spent in pleasant drives in and about the City, followed by a dinner of Scout Supporters.

AUGUST 17TH.

Vancouver is another beautifully situated city with the Rockies to the East, and Vancouver Island with the Pacific Ocean beyond to the West; there are 350,000 inhabitants. It includes Chinese and Japanese quarters with a population of 50,000. It is almost impossible to realise that 55 years ago the site of the City was a dense forest.

With McKelvie, the Provincial Commissioner, I spent the morning at the Headquarters of Scouting in the city, and at the Vancouver General Hospital, one of the most up-to-date hospitals I have ever seen.

I am Chairman of a Maternity Hospital in London which boasts of the lowest maternity mortality rate of any hospital in England, namely one per thousand. In the last 30 years, we have had 125,000 babies and only 125 mothers have died. A very fine record, considering that the district we serve is one of the poorest parts of London, namely Plaistow, West Ham, East Ham and Stratford.

My pride suffered a severe blow when I found that Vancouver beats us with a maternity mortality rate slightly below one in a thousand. But think of its advantages; high-lying ground, plenty of air and space and every modern development, almost irrespective of cost.

One feature which specially interested me, as in Australia, is that, except at feeding time, babies are separated from their mothers and live in serried ranks in cots in a room with glass panels, segregated from contact with the rest of the hospital.

In England, Matrons of hospitals tell me that our mothers don't like their babies to be taken from them, in spite of the fact that one crying baby in a ward of say 20 beds may disturb every other patient in that ward. Deep down, I think that the mothers fear that the babies will be mixed up and that someone else's baby may be foisted off upon them.

But in Vancouver every possible precaution is taken to prevent loss of identity by a necklace which the baby wears, on which is inscribed his or her name, and secondly by branding the name on the baby's back.

This sounds a barbarous proceeding, but actually the process consists of printing the name on the back in a sort of marking ink, which wears off in three months.

Since I have arrived back in England I have been told that in some Maternity Hospitals in this country, segregation but not branding is the custom.

So much for the Hospitals. At a lunch given me by the Canadian Club, with 120 present, I talked about Scouting, its history, the secrets of success and the results; also personal stories of the Chief. This was broadcast throughout British Columbia.

All who had been at the dinner the night before were also at the lunch, a very fine type of men and representative of all interests in the Province.

The visit of the King and Queen has helped enormously, especially his message about the Scouts, which perhaps this is an appropriate moment for me to quote, see page 24, as it was my constant companion and inspiration at all future meetings. The Chief Scout had also given me a message, which I give here, and which was of considerable help to me in all my subsequent speeches.

Paxtu,

Nyeri,

Kenya Colony.

July, 1939.

My Brother Scouts,

I am envious of Sir Percy Everett because I cannot get to Canada just now to see you all again. I am far away in Africa, but in Everett you have a jolly good substitute who has been with me in Scouting from the start.

I should have liked to congratulate you, both Scouters and Scouts, on the splendid way in which you have increased the Brotherhood in Canada, both in numbers and efficiency.

The loyal greeting that you gave last May to the King and Queen cannot fail to have impressed Their Majesties with a new confidence in you, as the coming manhood of your great Dominion.

One feature of that occasion was the fact that you joined hands with your Brother Scouts of the United States in welcoming Their Majesties, and thereby showed that our Brotherhood is not confined to one country, but is extending the comradeship of Scouts in all countries,

and so developing that mutual good-will that makes for peace and friendship between nations instead of rivalry and war.

So I want to say to each one of you, CARRY ON, and stick to your Scouting, even though at times it may be difficult.

Remember that by making yourselves strong, efficient and cheery Scouts, you are doing a really National Service; you are building yourselves up to become fine men for Canada.

Good luck to you all and "Good Camping."

BADEN-POWELL.

After lunch, McKelvie and myself, with car, boarded the boat for Nanaimo en route for Victoria. Both the boat trip and the car journey of 82 miles from Nanaimo to Victoria in perfect weather were equal to any expedition I have had anywhere.

We reached Victoria at 9 p.m. and were met by the local Scout people, with whom we had dinner and discussed our future plans and general Scout problems far into the night.

AUGUST 18TH.

Victoria is a beautiful city, with a climate more like England than any other city in Canada. It is the Capital of British Columbia and has many fine buildings. Many retired English people live in the neighbourhood.

We left our cards at Government House. The Lieutenant-Governor, E. W. Hamber, had arranged a tea-party for me that afternoon. We then went to the Headquarters of the St. Mary's Scout Group, one of the few Groups which has its own Headquarters. Practically all Scouts in Quebec, Ottawa and Vancouver meet in Church or School Halls—one of the weak spots in Canadian Scouting.

This St. Mary's Headquarters is a converted barn, all the work on it having been done by the boys, and is splendid from every point of view.

I had lunch as the guest of the Canadian Club and made the same speech, with variations, and for 35 minutes instead of 25 minutes, as at Vancouver.

Then came a tour of the beauty spots of Victoria, finishing up with the tea and cocktail party given by The Lieutenant Governor.

It was very enjoyable and I made many useful Scout contacts. After dinner, we went to the District Headquarters for a combined meeting of Scouters and Guiders; there were over 100 present. I talked to them for 40 minutes on common problems of leadership and answered questions for another 30 minutes.

It was nice to find so many keen young Scouters and Guiders, as well as the old stagers. They had come in for this meeting from many distant parts of British Columbia. For instance, the Rev. R. Durnford introduced himself to me saying quite quietly that he had made a special journey from Prince Rupert City, 500 miles away, a real outpost of Empire, where he runs a very successful Troop.

We then joined the night boat for Vancouver.

AUGUST 19TH.

Arriving at Vancouver at 6 a.m., we had breakfast and then a party of eight left by speed-boat for Camp Byng, one of the many Provincial Scout Camps which I visited, of which I shall have more to say later.

This camp was 35 miles up the coast. The weather was glorious, but rather a choppy sea, so unless we kept in shelter we were drenched with the spray. But racing up the coast at full speed, through islands, the trip was most invigorating and what did a little salt water spray matter?

The Camp was named after Field-Marshal Lord Byng, who was Governor-General of Canada when this camp site was acquired. He actually opened the site, and during his tenure of office as Governor-General was of great help to Scouting in Canada.

It was a specially interesting contact to me because, away back in the early days of Scouting in 1909, I, as County Commissioner for Hertfordshire, had a Rally at Hatfield Park over the August Bank Holiday week-end.

Just before it started I received a note from one, Colonel Byng, of Essex, asking if he might bring a Scout Troop to our Rally. I, of course, said "Yes," and he duly arrived with a dozen keen Essex Scouts.



HALIFAX, N. S.,

June 15th, 1939

My dear Lord Tweedsmuir

One of the pleasantest features of my tour through Canada has been the sight of strong contingents of Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs in all parts of the Dominion. I have been greatly struck, not only by their numbers, but by their smart appearance and fine physique. These boys are indeed a credit to Canada and to the Boy Scout movement, the value of which both you and I know so well.

As Chief Scout for Canada, will you please convey to all members of the Association my warm thanks for the good work they have done in connection with my visit, and my congratulations on the way in which they are maintaining the Scout tradition in this great country? I wish them all the best of luck.

I am

Yours very sincerely

George R.I.

HIS EXCELLENCY

THE LORD TWEEDSMUIR,

G.C.M.G., C.H.

It was early days of Scouting and camping, and most of us were pretty green at the game. I would not like to boast about our arrangements for the lay-out and tents, nor were our sanitary plans as good as they might have been.

Colonel Byng (Field-Marshal Byng of the late War) sized things up at once and said, "If you will let my Scouts take part in your Rally and Field-Day I will help to put your camp straight."

Naturally, I thanked him and agreed to accept his kind offer. The result was, that whilst his Scouts and ours had a lovely field-game which had been arranged (and in which one half of the Scouts held a particular wood in Hatfield Park and the rest of the party had to attack), Colonel Byng, during that week-end, instead of taking part in the Rally, spent the whole of his time in putting our camp straight, digging our latrines, adjusting our tents and generally helping behind the scenes.

To return to Camp Byng, on arrival before lunch we were greeted on the beach by 60 Scouts who were in camp, and a Wood Badge Course of 14 Scouters who were spending the week-end training there and making themselves better qualified to run their own Troops.

We had a delightful time in camp, including a climb up through wild forest country to the dam head, from which drinking water is piped out to the camp sites.

Practically all Canadian forests have been denuded in the past 100 years of their big trees. There is very little virgin forest left, but here there were very definitely traces of trees of magnificent girth, with only the stumps remaining, almost concealed under the second growth, which has now become of commercial value.

The water was calm when we returned to Vancouver. Quite a delightful trip, which finished up with a tea of crumpets and strawberries and cream.

It was with feelings of sadness that I said "good-bye" to McKelvie, who had been my perfect host, and to British Columbia, when I started on my journey East.

AUGUST 20TH.

I left Vancouver at 7.35 p.m. on the night of August 19th on my long trek back again by train through the Rockies. I was due at Calgary twenty-five hours later--a journey which by aeroplane had taken just over four hours in reverse four days earlier.

I had an excellent dinner and sleep in the train. Here I think is a convenient opportunity to pay tribute to the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways for the comfort I experienced in train travelling throughout Canada. My journeys in this way totalled nearly 4,000 miles, I spent eight nights in the train, and for the whole of the time, except for one journey which I will describe later, I was as comfortable as if I had been in my own bed.

Early on the morning of the 20th I looked out to find we were well in the Rockies. The beauty of this journey has been so often and so well described by others that I will not elaborate it. I will only say this, that if I had not just flown over the top I would have said the scenery and sensations could not be equalled anywhere else in the world.

It was a lovely day, and on reaching Field I thought I would follow the example of Their Majesties and do part of the trip by road, so I got out of the train, leaving my luggage on board, chartered a car and asked the driver to take me to Banff. I said, "I would like to get there in time to pick up the train I was just leaving." He said, "Have you a bet on it?" and he explained to me that a recent passenger had told him that he had made a bet of 1,000 dollars that he would reach Banff before the train. The car traveller won his bet with ten minutes to spare, but this was in the days before the reconstruction of the road.

Actually,

(1) I passed over the Great Divide and had time to get out of the car and see the two streams, one going East and one going West.

(2) I motored through the famous Kicking Horse Pass.

(3) I stopped at Lake Louise and appreciated to the full the wonderful beauty of the lake and glacier.

(4) At Banff I went to the Hot Springs Hotel and saw the outstanding views there.

We then motored to the station and had a quarter-of-an-hour to wait before my train steamed in! My driver had a fast car, and during part of the journey did 80 miles an hour, while the poor train had to struggle up the mountain and through the Figure of Eight tunnels on its way to Banff.

It was a very lovely trip, and was followed by a pleasant evening journey down the Eastern slopes and foothills till we pulled into Calgary right on time at 8.30 p.m.

Calgary is another of those delightful Canadian cities, less than 60 years old. It is situated on a level plain between the Bow and Elbow rivers, and is a trading centre for a vast area. There are many fine buildings and a splendid hotel.

I was met there by the Press, and by Colonel Woods, the Provincial Commissioner for Alberta, and other Scout representatives. At the hotel we went over our plans for the next two days.

AUGUST 21ST.

The day started with a Cub Rally. We motored out to a fine piece of jungle land outside the city. There was no one in sight, but gradually the Cubs came, creeping and crawling out, emitting weird noises with Mowgli, Baloo and Kaa complete—all very delightfully acted. Afterwards I talked to the Cubs—one hundred of them—and then to the twelve Cubmasters. There is no doubt about the Cubs being on the right lines in Calgary.

At 12.55 I was entertained to lunch by the Kiwanis Club—a service club in the city like the Rotary—that has helped Scouting enormously. There was a good crowd of eighty leading citizens who were eager to hear anything I could tell them about the Chief and the Movement.

After lunch we left by hydroplane for the Alberta Jamboree, which was being held on the shores of Sylvan Lake, 100 miles from Calgary, on the provincial camp site of over 160 acres which was given by Colonel Woods. This hydroplane is a 4-seater and was piloted by Mr. Brentnall, head of the Mackenzie Airways. I sat by his side and was able to grasp something of the intricacies of air driving. Every quarter-of-an-hour he was in touch with his Headquarters and carried on quite a conversation with them. In front of him was a very interesting chart from which it

was quite easy to pick up the names of villages passed over, rivers and other characteristic features.

I was surprised to note how many Indian Settlements there were in this part of Canada. They were all marked in different colours on his map. There are, as you know, about fifty tribes of Indians in Canada, and each now has its own Reservation in which members of the tribe must live. It is rather sad to think that these Indians, who have been accustomed for generations to a nomad life, should now be confined to a comparatively small space and be compelled to make their living by peaceful agricultural pursuits for which most of them are, by tradition, quite unsuited, but this is inevitable, alas, in the march of our so-called civilisation.

We had a pleasant trip to the lake, where we were greeted by a large number of Scouts coloured as Red Indians, in canoes, and the rest of the camp of 300 Scouts on the shore. It was a very picturesque site, and the word "WELCOME" had been framed out in timber in large letters on the edge of the lake.

In addition, I was greeted by a delegation of Cree Indians in full war paint, who had come specially from Hobbema, 30 miles away, to initiate me into their tribe. This ceremony took place at the Camp Fire in the evening, but before that, I took part in a rally of the whole camp with many guests and parents of the Scouts present. I talked to the crowd and then especially to the Scouts. Afterwards I inspected nearly the whole camp site, which was well laid out and beautifully situated in the wood at the edge of the lake, with hospital, chapel, water, electric pump and good troop sites carved out of the forest.

At the Camp Fire there were excellent troop displays, followed by my initiation ceremony. The Press had been present all the afternoon and had tried to persuade the Indians to tell them what my title was to be, but they were informed that they must come to Camp Fire and see. When the time arrived I was led out into the light of the fire by two Cree Indians. We paraded round the fire while the Indian Chief, Sampson, recited my virtues and the meaning of the ceremony, all of which was spoken in Cree and translated by an interpreter. I formed the opinion that the Indians were very much in earnest and that the ceremony meant a great deal to them, and was an important event in their lives as well as in mine. There was a deep religious note in what

they said. Finally they indicated that I was to receive the name of a "Big Bird" which was popular in all countries because I had flown to the camp in the afternoon, and was going to fly away the next morning. The name was announced in due ceremony "Eagle Chief," after which we paraded again round the Camp Fire—I with feathered head-dress complete!

Afterwards I was led to a Tepee which they had brought with them and erected specially for me to sleep in. I was shown in, and with great pride the Chief told me that this Tepee had been erected at Edmonton on the visit of the King and Queen, and that Their Majesties had come inside. He showed me the exact spot where the King had stood, and the exact spot where the Queen had stood. The Tepee was still draped inside with many rich robes and highly ornamented cloths and shawls which had been worked by the Indians and brought to Edmonton for the King and Queen to see.

At last they said good-night and I was left alone in peace. It was a very cold night and in spite of a mattress on the ground and four blankets I found it was impossible to get warm and go to sleep, and then the obvious solution occurred to me. In the centre of the Tepee was a wood fire thoughtfully laid by the Indians. I lit this, and in a few minutes its warmth pervaded the Tepee, and the inevitable result followed.

AUGUST 22ND.

At 6 a.m. I was awakened by the Chief stealing quietly into my Tepee. He gave me a beautifully beaded purse. He spoke in English, and though the ceremony last night had all been in Cree, he understood and spoke English very well as I shrewdly suspected.

He told me of the Cree's grievances against the present regime in Canada. In Queen Victoria's reign the Crees had been given a Reservation, and ever since a small sum had been presented to them each year from the Government. He felt that this was not fair treatment. I pointed out that the Crees were very lucky in that they were given their land free and a little money as well, whereas elsewhere people had to pay for their land. He went away murmuring, with the hopes that I would intercede on their behalf.

He left with me the little story of the Indian Tent which read as follows:—

“The following is the story of the Indian Tepee in which Sir Percy Everett slept:

The old man who painted this Tepee is still living and is about 86 years old. He painted it for Dan Minde, as a result of a dream that the old man had. The dream stated that Dan Minde was to use the Tepee as long as he lived in this world and that good luck would accompany him in the future.

To the Deputy Chief Commissioner, Sir Percy Everett, who is coming to visit the Boy Scouts in Alberta, this country of ours, and who has been sleeping in this Tepee, we wish him lots of luck.”

The names of the band of five Cree Indians who are camping on the Gilwell Camp site are:

Joe Sampson, age 74,	Cree Name	Man Child.
John Louis	„ „	Natussasus.
John Sampson	„ „	Young Man.
George Baptiste	„ „	Little Boy.
Dan Minde	„ „	Wolf Walker.

Then came another Indian and presented a bow and arrow, followed by the remaining three each with his various presents. The Tepee, by the way, in which the five Indians had slept was the same size as mine and was pitched in the camp about 100 yards away.

By the time the last Indian had left my Tepee I was due to get up. After breakfast I completed the tour of the camp site and was specially struck by the multitude and cleverness of the gadgets, and the cooking altar-fires made of big flat stones collected from the lake and which faced the adirondack shelters built on most of the sites. It is very cold at night at this time of year, as I know to my cost, and the reflected warmth from the fires into the shelter is very welcome.

At 10 o'clock I was due to leave. Brentnall had brought the hydroplane round from its moorings as if he had been a chauffeur bringing his master's car. The Scouts lined up on the shore and sang the National Anthem. In large letters they had replaced the word “Welcome” by “Farewell.” The Indians also came down to the shore to speed their parting guest.

So we left for Edmonton, and after two hours delightful flying we reached the city, and circled round it so that I might see the capital from above before I saw it from the land.

Edmonton is a very nice city on the banks of the Saskatchewan.

Here we were greeted by the Scout President who took me to lunch at his club. Afterwards we went to see the Lieutenant-Governor, J. C. Bowen, who is very keen on Scouting, and had given a very good talk on Scouting at the Jamboree Scouts' Own the previous Sunday.

Afterwards I went to the Broadcasting Headquarters and was given a set of questions and asked if I would mind my talk being in the form of "Question and Answer." There was five minutes to go before the twenty minutes' talk announced for me was due to begin. I hurriedly glanced through the questions and thought I could answer them fairly well, so I said "yes." It really is a very pleasant way of talking on the air, and saves the speaker a good deal of preliminary thought and anxiety.

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Here are the questions. I need not give my replies.

Announcer: This afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are very happy to have with us in the studio Sir Percy Everett, Deputy Chief Commissioner of Imperial Headquarters of the Boy Scouts in London. Sir Percy is on a Canadian tour of Scout centres, having attended the first Alberta wide "Scout Jamboree" held at Camp Woods.

First of all, Sir Percy, would you tell us briefly how the Scout activities in Canada compare with those in England?

How long, Sir Percy, have you been active in Scout circles?

Not that this question has any bearing on the rest of the interview, but could you venture an opinion on the recent developments in Europe?

Would you say that the feeling here in Canada is comparable with that in London?

Could you tell us if there is any difference in Scouting activities, I mean by that, is the Scout program the same over there, or are the aims different from ours in Canada.

And the late Scout Jamboree at Camp Woods, Sir Percy, did you not find a surprising attendance?

I believe that this Jamboree was the first of its kind for Alberta, is that right?

How long do you intend to stay in Canada and Alberta?

Naturally we Edmontonians are very proud of our town, of its commercial possibilities, and of its close proximity to the rich North Country. Tell me, Sir Percy, from other points you have visited, do you think our pride in Edmonton is well founded?

Is this your first trip to Canada?

Have you found any unexpected sights here? Do you find our country to be a little more grown-up than most Europeans think?

I know that your connection with Boy Scout work must be very interesting. Could you tell of any particular instance that stands out in your memory as being very interesting to you—one that you're never likely to forget?

Now, one more comparison. Could you tell me approximately how many members the Scouts have in England and how many in Canada?

In conclusion, Sir Percy, is there any little message that you would care to pass along to your fellow Scouts, and to Northern Albertans?

Thank you very much Sir Percy for coming up here this afternoon. I've enjoyed very much chatting with you, and I know our listeners, too, have been greatly interested in what you've had to say about the Scout organisation.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you have just heard an interview with Sir Percy Everett, Deputy Chief Commissioner of London. Sir Percy is on a Canadian tour, and has just returned from Camp Woods and the recent Alberta Scout Jamboree. Once again, I would like to thank Sir Percy Everett for coming up to our studios this afternoon.

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I was delighted afterwards to meet Lord Rodney, one of the Brownsea Scouts, and now a farmer in the back of beyond, but he had come into Edmonton to call on me and to get a spare part for his harvester. His wife is a keen Guide and he is still an excellent supporter of Scouting.

This little meeting was followed by a gathering of twelve senior Sixers, who represented 240 Cubs. They were a good lot, and most of them, just reaching the age of 12, were looking forward to becoming Scouts.

Then came a joint Dinner of Scouters and Guiders and Committee-men, including His Honour and his wife and the Mayor. Both of them made splendid speeches about the value of Scouting to the community. I had the great pleasure at this dinner of presenting the Medal of Merit to Brentnall, Managing Director of McKenzie Airways, who had not only put his hydroplane at our disposal, but also given up two days to pilot us himself.

The day closed with catching the 10.30 train for Saskatoon.

AUGUST 23RD.

I arrived in Saskatoon at 11.15 a.m. after a very comfortable night in the train. There I was met at the station by the Mayor, a dozen leading citizens and Scout people and twenty-two Scouts of the Exhibition Troop—a very fine lot of boys and well turned out—with long service, and many of them were First Class and King's Scouts. I was also glad to be welcomed by four leading Guide officials in uniform.

After the usual performance of photographers and press interviews we went to lunch with the Scouters and Scouts.

I then enjoyed a drive round the fine city of Saskatoon, with 40,000 inhabitants. It is well laid out on the banks of the Saskatchewan river.

At 3.30 there was a meeting of 300 Scouts and Guides in their central Headquarters—a large basement in the centre of the town. Another good turn out, and another yarn.

Then I had tea with the leading Guide officials and had the opportunity of emphasising the importance of close liaison between the two movements.

I was the guest at dinner of the Canadian Club, with 60 present, at the Bessborough Hotel, where my usual talk was supplemented by a reference to the Air Raid Precautions plans in England, which were becoming of intense interest to everyone in view of the approaching crisis.

Dinner was followed by a meeting of 40 Scouters, at which I advocated more training, back to Scouting for Boys. We also discussed the Rover age limit, leakage, the need of Group Scoutmasters and more Leaders.

In Saskatoon my special guide and friend was J. S. Woodward, Provincial President, who looked after me splendidly during my visit to the Province of Saskatchewan.

As you will see, I made a good many speeches that day, and I am going to confess straight away that I used a certain stock of about half-a-dozen stories during my tour. It was quite possible to tell the same stories in every province—almost in every city—without being criticised. One that always went down well was of the Chief which referred to an incident in the cruise of 600 Scouters and Guiders which we had four years ago in company with Lord and Lady Baden-Powell to the various Baltic countries. We spent a day in Lithuania, that independent little country then so happy in its liberation from 1,000 years tyranny of Germany and Russia, and now alas, once again in the turmoil of war. On that occasion we had a big Rally of Lithuanian Scouts and Guides, after which the Chief shook hands with about half-a-dozen Scouts. When these boys reached home, so the Chief Scout of Lithuania told me, they refused to have their hands washed as they did not wish to lose the magic of his touch. This caused great anxiety to their parents, but the problem was solved by all the Scouts washing their hands in one bowl of water, and then the water was bottled and stored!

The other story which became very popular at every meeting during my tour was one of an Air Raid practice in England in May last. At one Warden's post instructions were given that an explosive bomb had fallen and there were a good many serious cases. A number of the local inhabitants had offered themselves as "victims," and were lying in many parts of the roads and fields with appropriate labels stating their injuries attached. The First Aid Squads swiftly got to work, bandaged up imaginary wounds, put them on stretchers and sent them to the hospital—all very realistically and thoroughly carried out. Unfortunately, one Scout who was lying as a victim on the other side of a hedge was forgotten until some minutes after all the other casualties had been dealt with. The First Aid Squad ran to where he was supposed to be lying. They found his place

empty, and a note on the ground which read as follows: "I have bled to death and gone home." This story served to show the characteristic coolness of the Englishman in an emergency.

The evening meeting finished up at 10.30 p.m. and with Woodward, we caught the 11.30 train to Regina.

AUGUST 24TH.

We reached Regina at 8 o'clock in the morning, had breakfast at the Hotel and went off at 10 o'clock to visit the newly developed provincial camp site for Saskatchewan, 72 miles away, at Lebret on the shores of a lake in the Qu'appelle Valley. This is a splendid camp site close to rail and road, with water laid on, and downland exactly like the Chilterns at Dunstable. With us were eight other leading Regina people and we all lunched with Dr. Jackes, a noted Regina surgeon, at his country cottage.

On the way out and back we had the opportunity of seeing at close quarters the harvesting operations which were now in full swing. The chief method is to employ a threshing machine which delivers the wheat from one spout, and from another bigger spout issues into the air a stream of straw rather like a miniature waterspout. This straw is left in shapeless heaps in the middle of the field, and later on it is burnt. There are other harvesters which simply head the grain and leave the straw standing in the field to be ploughed in. These cut and thresh as they go along, and I am told there is a new machine in which ploughing follows threshing, and I suppose it won't be long before the drill will follow the plough, so that the whole routine can be completed in one operation. No wonder there is unemployment even in Saskatchewan when one machine can easily do the work of fifty men. The wheat is very hard and brittle, quite different from the wheat cultivated in England.

By the way, we must not talk of wheat as corn. Wheat, Barley and Oats are all grain in Canada. Corn only refers to maize, which is cultivated in large quantities, especially in the Eastern provinces.

I was fortunate enough on this day to add to my regular ammunition for meetings a long and delightful letter from the Chief Guide, from which I quote: "I am sure you will have

a great time and will love Canada and the people. We shall never forget the MARVELLOUS welcome they gave us during our last tour right across, and as I write this I can just see, in my mind's eye, all the places you are going to visit and the people you will be meeting. Give them all your warmest greetings, won't you, and tell them that though we are far away, and though we seem to be leading a very idle life these days, away from very active Scouting and Guiding, we CARE ALWAYS how things are going and are with you all immensely in spirit.

"We have just been off for a lovely safari down the Masai Reserve, seeing wild animals in hundreds. It was grand being in camp again, and we had a real thrill in being chased by a rhino one morning and by an elephant the same evening! Of course we were safely in a car, but we had to 'step on the gas,' and it was really most exciting and lovely."

She also told me, which was splendid news, that the Chief was very fit indeed, and that they both hoped to come back to England again in the Spring of next year.

On our return to Regina, I teaed with the Guide people, and then went to a rally of 500 Guides, Brownies, Scouts and Cubs, all well turned out. They included troops of Jews and Japanese. There were also troops under the auspices of the Salvation Army, who work in close and most friendly co-operation with us in Canada. We had a good Camp Fire—items by everybody, including an Indian Play by Scouts, and acrobatics by the Guides, and an appropriate finish with the Regina Fire Float, with sirens and headlights complete, coming in to douche the Camp Fire. This was a good idea—as well as a spectacular finish, for it interested the spectators and served to show the Regina Fire Fighters the work of Scouts and Guides.

After the Camp Fire we had a Coffee Party with 150 Scouters and Guiders present. Here more talk and cinema pictures of Their Majesties' visit to Saskatchewan. It was altogether a most delightful meeting, and made a good finish to the day.

AUGUST 25TH.

This was a day with little to do in the morning except interview reporters, visit Scout Headquarters and write up notes and letters. At the Canadian Club lunch I was billed

to speak on unemployment, but by special request devoted most of my talk to Air Raid Precautions in England.

My solution to unemployment was:—

- (1) Back to the land.
- (2) Government subsidy with which Canada is going to help the unemployed.
- (3) Shorter hours of work.
- (4) Production of more essential "luxuries."
- (5) The Scout way of training every boy for some non-blind alley of employment.

There were many well-known people present, including two judges, a Crown Prosecutor who was interested in my connection with a certain private dining club in London which meets to discuss famous crimes, also two Ministers of the Province and the Mayor of Regina. After lunch, I called on the Premier, ("First-e-long, please") at the Government offices, a fine range of buildings with a beautiful lake in the gardens. He is most interested in Scouting.

Then we called on the Lieutenant-Governor, Archie MacNab, a great personality, known all over Canada for his outspoken character, love of humour and special Scottish qualities. He told us many delightful stories of the visit of Their Majesties.

Then I went to the Headquarters of the Royal Canadian Police, no longer the Canadian North West Mounted Police. Colonel le Nauze is in charge. He showed me all over the museum, full of relics of brave deeds and heroic actions of the "mounties" in the deathless history of this fine force. No longer, alas, are horses used except on ceremonial occasions. Their work is all done by car, cycle and aeroplane. Regina is the Headquarters of the Royal Canadian Police for the whole of Canada, and le Nauze is the fitting head of this magnificent body of men.

Here I met a delightful girl, who turned out to be the niece of B. J. T. Bosanquet. She is 24, and is riding alone for adventure with two horses, from Vancouver to Montreal. She left Vancouver three months ago and hopes to be in Montreal for Christmas. I would like to know what happened to her when war broke out. The Royal Canadian Police had allowed her to put her horses in their disused stables.

I then went to tea with the Russells. General Russell is head of the Military forces in Saskatchewan. I had dinner with the Scout officials before leaving by train at 10.30 p.m. for Winnipeg.

AUGUST 26TH.

I reached Winnipeg, the Capital Province of Manitoba, after a very comfortable night journey from Regina, and was met by Lowery, Provincial President, Saul, the Provincial Commissioner, and many Scout Leaders who administered to my comfort during my three days' stay in the city.

Winnipeg stands at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers and is the focus point of the grain industry of the Prairie Provinces. It is well wooded and has many fine public parks.

In Winnipeg you are sure to be asked the question "How do you like our trees?" They are wonderful, and you say so, but what has to be impressed upon you is that each one was hand planted.

Winnipeg, like many other Middle-West cities, was originally an open plain, quite devoid of trees.

After lunch with prominent citizens a fine Rally of over 1,000 Guides, Scouts and Cubs was arranged for me in the City Park. This was a big success in spite of the fact that many of the older boys were at work in the harvest fields.

In the evening we had a lively meeting with 150 Scouters with plenty of reminiscences and discussion.

One of the best stories I heard was of a certain Scout Commissioner who was walking along a country road, near to which was a Scout camp.

The Scouter in charge of the camp asked if he would come and have a look at his boys. The Commissioner agreed and the Scouter asked him to wait awhile until he had told the Scouts of the coming visit.

The Commissioner saw the Scouter run back to the camp, which became a hive of industry. The Scouts got their hats and kit and prepared for the coming inspection. The Scouter then gave the signal. The Commissioner arrived to find the Scouts drawn up in line to receive him.

One after another he shook hands with the boys, noted what badges they were wearing, and made other enquiries

regarding their Scout progress. He then came to a small Scout with his arm all covered with badges. Wishing to pay special attention to him, he began by saying, "Well, I am very pleased to see you have so many badges. Ah! there's the Gardener's Badge, how did you earn that? What flowers or vegetables did you grow?" The boy flushed and made no reply.

Then the Commissioner noticed the Cook's Badge and asked the Scout what he had done to gain this badge. Had he skinned and cooked a rabbit or made an Irish Stew? Again the boy reddened and made no response.

Well, thought the Commissioner, I must stir him up somehow. He noticed that he was wearing the Ambulance Badge, so quite dramatically he rolled up his sleeve and said to the Scout, "I have severed an artery and am bleeding to death, what would you do about it?"

Then the boy burst out, "Please, Sir, this ain't my shirt."

AUGUST 27TH.

A visit was paid to the Provincial Camp Site on Lake Winnipeg. Quite ideal with a Chapel, Training Site, and excellent bathing and Troop Camp Sites, which were carved out of the forest.

The water supply is from an artesian well and the somewhat primitive Headquarters is an old Iclander's home. There is still a large colony of Icelanders at Gimli, close by.

Lake Winnipeg fascinated me. It is 287 miles long and 57 miles broad, 8,500 square miles in all. More than twelve times the size of the County of Hertfordshire. This will give you some idea of its area. You cannot see across it from the camp and yet in the Winter this lake is frozen over and tractors and other heavy vehicles use it as a high road for months on end.

I think this brought home to me, more than in any other way, the severity of the Canadian winter.

The day concluded with a round of visits to Scout and Guide Commissioners.

At one of my meetings I told the following story against myself.

A friend who had spoken for about twenty minutes to an audience which was getting rather bored said, "Gentlemen, I do not mind you looking at your watches to see what the time is, but what I do object to is your shaking them to see whether they are still going."

AUGUST 28TH.

I paid a call on the Mayor, John Queen, a noted figure in Winnipeg, and was glad to find him keenly interested in the Scout Movement. From the Lieutenant-Governor and the Managers of Banks and big businesses whom I went to see I also obtained whole-hearted support.

The Editor and Manager of the "Winnipeg Tribune," when I called on him, apologised that the page prepared about me and set in type for Saturday had to be scrapped in order to make room for war news, and for a more important personage than myself, namely, Herr Hitler!

Winnipeg was one of the cities in which I broadcast. It was a very patriotic talk which I was told afterwards would have had many listeners-in in four or five American States.

The Manager of the Broadcast Station said, to judge by his correspondence, half his clientele were United States citizens.

Unfortunately, the reverse of this situation is equally true. Many listeners-in in Canada depend very largely for their radio news on the American commentators, who are amazingly plausible, and if there is no real news, can be relied upon to fill up their quarter-of-an-hour most cunningly with reports and rumours—very devastating to the nerves of those listeners who have got into the habit of hanging on to the radio from morning till night.

The day, like many others, finished with a dinner and a meeting of Scouters and Guiders, which left me little time to prepare for the 1,100-mile flight to Toronto which was to start from Winnipeg Airport at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Just two little facts about Winnipeg people—Golf starts in the Public Parks as early as 5 o'clock in the morning, and one of the chief evening amusements is to angle park your car in the main street and sit there with your family for hours to watch the crowds go by.

AUGUST 29TH.

I made an early start by plane from Winnipeg—3 a.m. to be precise, and though the Airport was some 10 miles from the city, four Scouters came to see me off at that unearthly hour.

The trip was specially interesting in that for the whole distance we flew above the clouds and never saw land except when we dropped down with unerring accuracy at the two airports at which we stopped en route.

I do not think I have explained that these Canadian air-planes fly on an invisible beam. The pilots are in continuous communication by radio with the Airports from which they leave and for which they are bound, and on the dashboard a light shows, which, if steady, indicates that the machine is flying on the correct route. If it wobbles to right or left, the plane is off its route and the direction has to be adjusted. For additional safety, all planes going East fly at an even number of thousands of feet, and flying West, at the odd thousands.

With these precautions it is no wonder that, so far, the service has had no accident.

On the flight to Toronto it was beautifully calm, with a wonderful ever changing vista of clouds below us. At night, the sensation was quite weird. We seemed to be flying in a world of our own. When day broke, we flew into the sunshine, with white clouds below us, until we dived through them when we were due to land.

At Toronto, which we reached at 11.15 a.m., I was met by my good friend Stewart, Vice Chairman of the Dominion Scout Council, with other Scout representatives, a Guard of Honour and, of course, the Press and photographers.

Then to a lunch of Scout supporters and to a cocktail party, at which I met some 100 Scout and Guide friends. Here I was introduced to the doyen of interviewers, Knowles, of the "Toronto Star."

For half-an-hour he bombarded me with questions, and the next day his article about me and my views (nearly a column-and-a-half in length) appeared in the paper.

I also called on the Mayor of Toronto, who had invited me to dine with him at a civic dinner, given at the Town Hall.

The invitation said "Formal Dress." When I saw him in the afternoon I was in Scout uniform. I said that my evening dress and tails were laid out at Stewart's home, where I was staying. This was the first time, by the way, since I had been in Canada, that I had spent the night in a private house. "What costume did he wish me to wear?" He said "You are in formal dress now," so at this delightful and stately dinner party I appeared dressed as a Scout, the only person amongst 70 in the room who was not in full evening dress, with white tie and tails.

The Toronto leading citizens are whole-heartedly in favour of Scouting.

We had a delightful evening with good speeches, followed by three rubbers of Bridge at Stewart's house before turning in.

AUGUST 30TH.

More Press interviews and a talk on the air, followed by a lunch of 70 Scout Supporters, including the new Salvation Army Chief for Western Canada, who has taken the place of Carpenter, recently appointed in England to the Leadership of the Salvation Army.

After lunch, three of us proceeded by car to Blue Springs, the Provincial Camp Site for Ontario. It is magnificent, 100 acres in extent, cost £700, with a beautiful natural head of water, cold steel blue, from which the site takes its name, adequate buildings, and capable of endless possibilities, with an amazing variety of trees and delightful camping glades. It is 50 miles from Toronto, close to No. 7 Highway.

The main highways in Canada and the United States are numbered as in England. The numbers don't run so high and the roads are straighter and longer.

The big highways have an excellent surface and their newest roads in width and lay-out are unequalled anywhere, except perhaps in Germany.

Their newest road of all in Ontario is called Queen Elizabeth Highway; it was opened by Her Majesty on her visit to Canada. It is a double track road of imposing width, with a boulevard of trees, grass and flowers, running down between the two tracks, which are doubled for fast and slow traffic.

From Blue Springs we drove to Hamilton, one of the most beautifully situated cities in the whole of Canada—with 150,000 inhabitants, half circled by the Niagara escarpment, from which at night the city lying below you is one mass of twinkling lights. There was no black-out in Hamilton when I was there.

We arrived in time for dinner, where we were entertained by many of the leading citizens. There was the usual talk by me after dinner, followed by a series of questions on outstanding Scout problems.

Late in the evening my host for the night took me for a drive round about the city, a wonderful fairy-like scene. As we drove we almost imagined that we could hear the roar of Niagara 50 miles away.

AUGUST 31ST.

We called on John Moodie, the noted fruit-grower in this great fruit-growing district, at his beautiful house on Lake Ontario, some 20 miles from Hamilton. There is no one in Canada who knows more about apples than does Moodie. He is now in his 80th year. For many years he has presented barrels of apples to members of the Royal Family at Christmas time, and he showed me with pride personal letters of thanks from Queen Mary, the present King and other Royalty.

We made a very pleasant trip back to Hamilton by his motor boat on Lake Ontario, and reached the city just in time for a Rotarian Lunch, 150 being present. Another very delightful function.

Then I was taken to Hamilton Sanatorium for tuberculous patients. There were 800 patients of all ages, from all parts of Ontario. It is a beautifully equipped, modern building. Each patient has ear-phones and is able at all times to listen to the radio programme. Furthermore, the mechanism for this entertainment is controlled from the Matron's room and by the turn of a button it is possible to talk to all the patients at once.

I was privileged to give them a ten minute talk, mainly about my recollections of Royalty, which I gathered from a subsequent walk round the wards was appreciated.

Another unique feature of the building is the Chapel, fitted with a revolving altar, which makes it possible for two of the leading Churches to use this chapel without loss of their distinctive religious ceremonies.

One has to be careful in Canada to distinguish between a Sanatorium, which is a hospital for tuberculosis, and a Sanitarium, which is a hospital for mental diseases.

From Hamilton we went by car, via Paris, to London (Ontario), 80 miles, where I had arranged to see the Scouts, attend a dinner, speak at a Scouters' and Guiders' meeting afterwards, and stay the night.

This London is a city of 80,000 inhabitants. It is on the River Thames in the County of Middlesex, and my meeting in the evening of 200 Scouters and Guiders was in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The principal streets of London (Ontario) include Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Cheapside and Pall Mall. There is also a Covent Garden Market, Hyde Park and Blackfriars Bridge.

This part of Ontario teems with names which suggest that early settlers came from the English Home Counties.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.

After an early breakfast we left by car for Toronto again, 130 miles away, my first engagement there being a Rotarian Lunch.

The journey was partly along Queen Elizabeth Highway, which I have already described.

One feature of this journey was the number of Tourist Cabins which are to be found at different points on the roadside. The Tourist Cabin industry has recently grown to enormous proportions throughout Canada.

These cabins are small wooden structures (two or four rooms), in groups, and have been built to accommodate tourists who cannot afford to stay at the big hotels. They are clean, comfortable and well-managed and it was interesting as we passed many of these cabins to note that cars were alongside, as the occupants were either sleeping or feeding. Meals are prepared either centrally or by the tourists themselves.

Another feature of the roads was the very attractive garage and "gas" pump accommodation, quite free from advertisement. There was plenty of space, so they are not the same eye-sore which many similar filling-stations are here. There is one further attraction, when filling up with "gas," the attendant, without extra fee, cleans your wind-screen, is willing to fill up with water and even to blow up your tyres.

When I arrived at Toronto, with war to all appearances imminent, I was specially invited to speak on the preparedness of England, and the elaborate precautions that we had taken for the evacuation of children from big towns and for dealing with any mass attack by Germany from the air.

This subject on which, fortunately, I was well informed, through my personal experiences in Hertfordshire for many months in the early Summer, evidently interested the audience, but I was astonished after the meeting to be greeted by quite a number of American Rotarians who had come, many of them 100 miles or more from the United States, specially for that lunch. One after another they shook me by the hand with the greeting "We are with you," and I can say here that never anywhere or at any time in Canada or during my three days visit to the United States, did I find anyone who was not whole-heartedly with us against Germany in this struggle.

In the afternoon, I was entertained at a tea-party by Mrs. Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Guides in Canada. We subsequently dined together and she supported me at an immense and enthusiastic gathering of Scouters and Guiders, 450 of them, which lasted from 8 o'clock till 11 o'clock. Many of them had come 200 miles to be present.

To Mrs. Warren, my perfect hostess for the night, and to W. J. Cairns, the new Provincial President for Ontario, who had listened to innumerable speeches from me, I am specially grateful for a most interesting visit to Toronto and other parts of Ontario.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.

The morning was spent at the Toronto Exhibition, a wonderful annual show, well known throughout Canada and the United States. It is of the World's Fair order, combining amusements of all kinds with wonderful exhibitions of Industries, Live-stock and produce of all kinds.

Farming is one of my special interests in Suffolk, England, so most of my time was spent amongst the cattle, sheep and horses. There were some good classes of Red Polls and Suffolk Sheep—I had to be photographed with the Champion Suffolk Ewe. But, alas, there were no Suffolk Horses, only Percherons, an omission which I shall try to remedy in the future.

At lunch I was entertained by the Management as the one Agriculturist amongst 200 members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. After their President had delivered an impressive speech for 20 minutes or more, emphasising the value of industry to the prosperity of the Dominion, I was allowed five minutes in which to emphasise the essential part played by agriculture in the history of this or any other country.

After lunch, I visited one of the most delightful of all camp sites in Canada, which goes by the name of Camp of the Crooked Creek. It is about 30 miles from Toronto. Its name was chosen by a competition amongst the Scouts. The title is most apt as the camp centres round a twisting river, with a sufficient amount of flat land for camping on either bank, and rising behind on both sides, almost precipitous and delightfully wooded cliffs.

I just had time to explore this camp thoroughly and to enjoy some of the apples which grow in profusion there before catching, with very little time to spare, the plane to Montreal, where I was to take a long train journey to Moncton in New Brunswick.

The plane, after a good flight of 300 miles via Ottawa, set me down at Saint Hubert, Montreal's Airport, with just a sufficient amount of time to catch the Ocean Limited Express which, on its way out to Montreal, stopped specially for me at Saint Hubert.

This was about eight in the evening and I was looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to a meal on the train, my last food being taken at the Toronto lunch, when I found to my disappointment that there was no restaurant car attached. It was obviously anticipated that all sensible travellers would have had a good square meal before the train left Montreal. But a kind train attendant produced some sandwiches from nowhere, so all was well. I was told that a breakfast-car would be hitched on to the train at 6 o'clock in the morning so, with this pleasant prospect in view, I went to bed.

SEPTEMBER 3RD.

A fateful day. I was up early, ready and eager for a meal, when the attendant told me that during the night there had been a wreck on the main line (not to our train) and that we were now travelling on a circuitous route to our destination, we were three hours late and that the breakfast car would not be on until 11 o'clock. So soul and body had to be possessed in patience.

We stopped at stations from time to time to pick up gossip about the crisis, but nothing very definite. There are no Sunday papers in Canada. Some people told us that war had been declared and some said it had not. It was quite impossible to get any real authentic news. So passed the rather tedious hours of that Sunday, till we arrived at Moncton, at 5 p.m., three hours late. During the journey I read all the literature available and then passed the time studying the time table.

I found that on the journey from Montreal to Moncton we passed over 150 stations. Some of them had queer and interesting names. I began compiling a list of the strange titles of places in Canada. Here are a few of them.

Blubber Way	Elbow	Smoky Lady
Split Lake	Terra Cotta	Forked Cadet
Swastika	Coquitian	Spuzzum
Kamloops	Shurwap	Bear's Paw
Medicine Hat	Moose Jaw	Zebra
Jawbone	Jumbo	White Otter
White Goose	Vermilion	Economy
Kill Deer	Viscount	Thrums
	Spatsan	

At Moncton I was met by McAvity, a Senator and Provincial Commissioner for Scouts of New Brunswick, and I heard for the first time that war *had* been declared.

I had already discussed with the Scout Leaders in Canada where my duty lay in such an emergency. They had all said that they wished me to complete my itinerary, especially in view of the contact I was to make with 1,250 Scout Leaders from every one of the States of America at a Conference in New Hampshire from September 15th to 18th. This decision was confirmed by McAvity. So with a heavy heart I proceeded to the New Brunswick Rover Moot at Shediac. On my way there, riding at anchor in the waters

of the Bay, lay the Yankee Clipper, resting before completing her journey to England on the morrow. I was very tempted to call everything off and board the Clipper. For patriotic as well as practical reasons I did not, because I had promised to continue my tour, and after all, probably the Clipper was already loaded to capacity.

So, away to the Moot, where I had a splendid meal of baked beans and apricots, and then spoke for half-an-hour at the Camp Fire.

It was not easy, as I could not help thinking that even at that moment London might be suffering from an aerial bombardment. I found the crowd of 100 Rovers very long suffering. At midnight I was able to get away to the house of my friends, the Gundrys, for a good night's rest.

SEPTEMBER 4TH.

A bright morning and an early visit to the camp to say farewell. The site of the camp is an old Customs Post. In the house, now deserted, are many old records and books going back to the 1840's. It is rather sad that these should be left uncared for.

We left by car at 10 o'clock for Cape Tormentine en route for Prince Edward Island or "The Island" as it is always called. This was a delightful drive through forest country, and finished with a 9-mile journey by ferry boat to Borden, on the Island, where I started by inspecting a group of Scouts and their Headquarters, run by an excellent Italian Scouter. The boys here, who were the terror of the neighbourhood and used regularly to break all the windows of the Canadian National Railway Station, have been quite transformed (this is no fairy tale) and are now beloved by all and set a really fine example to the people of Borden.

Prince Edward Island is quite delightful and, though only three times the size of Hertfordshire, is one of the nine Provinces of Canada with a Lieutenant-Governor, Premier and Legislative Council all complete.

It is a most fertile island. The soil is a light reddish loam which gives to the cliffs and headlands a very distinctive and attractive charm.

After lunch and a talk to 60 Scouters, Guiders and supporters at Summerside, the Premier was good enough to

drive me to his country home on the other side of the Island, a most attractive property running down to a lake made by the confluence of three rivers, with swimming and boating facilities and a most ornamental garden.

Then we motored to Charlottetown, the Capital, for a very pleasant dinner and conference of Scouters and Guiders.

As an introduction to most of my evening meetings there were songs, which, as the Chairman invariably explained, were designed to "thaw the audience out" or "to break the ice," a process which was often completed by the telling of two or three stories. Here is one:—It was of an American being shown round London by a friend. When the British Museum was visited the American stated that it didn't come up to the Library at Washington. The Albert Hall could easily be beaten in a lot of American cities. In fact, whatever he was shown he could always cap it with some finer example in New York. Finally, they came to Ludgate Circus and looked up to St. Paul's Cathedral. Said the American, "What is that little building up there?" Said his friend, keyed up at last, "By jove, I don't know, it wasn't there this morning."

After our gathering I was on the point of retiring about midnight when the telephone rang in my room and I had to give an interview for the next morning's papers.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.

I paid a round of calls on the Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier and the Mayor, also I visited the historic room where Confederation was first mooted by the Maritime Provinces in 1864, as a result of which the Dominion of Canada came into existence.

Here I was shown the Visitors' Book with the signatures of the King and Queen.

A lunch of the leading citizens, over 100 of them, followed, with the Premier and Mayor present. Then by boat to Pictou in Nova Scotia.

It had been arranged that a Canadian Air Force machine should be at my disposal to do the Maritime Provinces, i.e., New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, but the war prevented this pleasant method of getting about, so in order to complete my programme I was doomed to two long night journeys by train.

Before boarding the Pictou boat I met a Scout friend from Alberta who had been anxious to see me. When he

arrived there was just 15 minutes to spare before the boat started. He told me that he had motored 3,500 miles in 7 days to make this contact. It was indeed well timed.

Our boat was called the "Hochelaga," and has an interesting history. Originally it belonged to the Emperor of Austria, then to the Duke of Connaught as his private yacht when he was Governor General of Canada, then, owing to its fine speed, it was a submarine chaser in the 1914-18 war, and now on its last legs it is on the ferry boat route between Charlottetown and Pictou. My dinner on board consisted of soup, pork, cucumber, apple tart and cheese!

On arrival at Pictou I was taken by car 20 miles to New Glasgow, where a Scout and Guide meeting was already in progress. I spoke at this meeting and then dashed off to catch the night train to Sydney. This was the only night journey which I did not enjoy. The rolling stock was old and the track was rough, and from time to time throughout the night I was almost thrown out of bed and felt that the next jolt would really throw the carriage off the line.

SEPTEMBER 6TH.

I arrived at Sydney at 8 a.m., paid duty calls and then motored out to see another good camp site 15 miles from Sydney. It was on land belonging to a friendly farmer, who was rather astonished when I offered to help him to cut a field of oats. I am fond of scythe work and quite enjoyed this new experience in Canada.

Then a joint Service Club luncheon, followed by a drive round Sydney, noted for coal and steel.

Sydney has the largest ore works in the British Empire. They shipped a million tons to Germany in 1938.

A Guide tea-party and a Scout dinner were the prelude to another night journey, this time from Sydney to Halifax.

One of my hosts at dinner was a Judge of the Juvenile Court, who volunteered the information that he had never had before him a Scout or Guide guilty of a serious crime. I had heard the same wonderful story in each of the other eight Provinces in Canada from men of experience, Judges, Magistrates, Police Officers, etc.—an astonishing tribute to the value of Scout training. I am not sure that I should expect quite such a wonderful record in England. Such a clean sheet for Scouts seems almost too good to be true.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.

I reached Halifax at 8 a.m., and after breakfast and the usual formal calls in the capital city of Nova Scotia, I spent the rest of the morning at Headquarters of the Scout Movement where I was glad to have the opportunity of dictating some of my reports and some letters to a very efficient typist.

Then a Canadian Club luncheon with 100 present, including the Mayor, three Judges and a quorum of the Cabinet. By this date, Halifax was getting a little bit anxious that it might be bombed by a lurking submarine or that some aeroplanes might have been smuggled over in one of the lumber ships which had been plying between Halifax and Germany. The Mayor had therefore been glad of the help of the Scouts at First Aid Posts in the city, and was making preparations to resist air attacks much on the same lines as those I had been describing for England.

In the afternoon we went to the biggest and best of all the Provincial camp sites, Millers Lake, 5,000 acres in extent, of which 1,000 acres was lake and the rest forest. To get to the centre of the camp we had two alternative routes, one by boat across the lake or the other by a forest trail which crept snake-like for a mile through the woods. There was no motor road. We chose the latter route and finally arrived at the main centre of the camp where twelve Scout troops from Halifax had each built log cabins for themselves on the edge of the lake.

It was all too wonderful to have such a vast area for camping under an agreement with the Provincial Government, at a nominal rent, with security of tenure so long as the camp was properly used and due care taken against forest fires. In addition, the Scouts are to receive 40 per cent. of the nett revenue from any big timber on the estate which is naturally reserved by the authorities of the Province.

In a way it seems almost unnecessary to worry about permanent camp sites, so much open land is available. Just to give an idea of the difference between the density of population in Nova Scotia and my own county, Hertfordshire: in Nova Scotia there is one person to the square mile and in Hertfordshire one person to the acre, i.e., if Herts. was as thinly populated as Nova Scotia it would hold 625 people instead of the 400,000 who actually live there.

The day finished with a dinner given by the Scout leaders and upon a request for a 15 minutes broadcast "to cheer them up," I spoke on Air Raid Precautions, and we finally had a jolly meeting of Scouters and Guiders.

SEPTEMBER 8TH.

I have said that owing to the war no Canadian Air Force plane was available, and that in order to carry out my programme I had to do some long journeys by train or road.

If you look at the map you will see that a straight journey by air is *much shorter* in distance, and of course infinitely shorter in time than the roundabout route which a train or road inevitably follows.

I had accepted an invitation to dine with Chief Justice Baxter, the acting Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, at Saint John, at 6.30 on the 8th. On looking up trains it seemed impossible to get there until 7 p.m. By road, 325 miles, was also out of the question I thought, but to my delight Mrs. Nickerson, the wife of the Scout Provincial Commissioner, said that she would gladly drive me over.

I tried to persuade her that I could postpone the time of the dinner by wire, and any way that it was not terribly important, but she insisted and said it would be a delightful trip for her so why should I hold out any longer.

Consequently at 8 a.m. she arrived complete with car and daughter to motor me to Saint John. We had a wonderful drive of 325 miles, spent one hour for lunch at a charming roadside inn with the pleasing name of Frosty Hollow, and arrived in Saint John at 4.30. I won't work out the average speed per hour! I was in plenty of time for my dinner party.

I was staying at the Admiral Beatty Hotel at Saint John, one of the nicest and most comfortable of many hotels which I sampled. The dinner at Judge Baxter's Club was attended by 50 leading citizens, including five Judges, with three of whom I played Bridge after a pleasant dinner and a 40 minutes' talk by me on English preparedness.

Chief Justice Baxter, who during my stay in Saint John was kindness itself, was acting as Lieutenant-Governor owing to the fact that the Lieutenant-Governor, A. Maclaren, was lying in hospital with six compound fractures as a result of a serious motor accident a fortnight before.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

Saint John was also taking war precautions very seriously, being (1) unprotected, (2) the only Atlantic port of Canada open the year round, (3) the rumoured presence of German submarines in the vicinity.

During the morning I called on the Mayor, who quite convinced me of the importance of all the preparations he was making. Then I lunched with the Saint John Scout Committee and went to the hospital as the first visitor to the Lieutenant-Governor since his accident. He was still on the danger list, but he had asked to see me so that I might take a message to the Chief Scout to say that he was trying to be cheerful as a true Scout, but that it was mighty difficult. I went to the hospital and found him so bandaged up that the only part visible was one half of his face.

At the same hospital I presented a Scout Medal of Merit to a Scouter who was recovering from a serious attack of pneumonia and pleurisy. This was a most impressive ceremony attended by two Judges, the Mayor, the resident doctor and Matron and nurses and others who gathered round the patient's bedside.

I was most nervous lest I should pin the Medal of Merit to the poor man's body instead of his pyjamas, but all went well.

After a tour of the hospital I had a splendid meeting with 150 Patrol Leaders, some of the finest Scouts I had seen anywhere in Canada. They were so easy to talk to, especially when I told them of the story of the man who some years ago had gone into the forests of New Hampshire on the 1st August stark naked and for a bet had said that he would stay till the end of September without any human contact or any food, implements or matches or anything else to help him.

I told how he had lived for the first two or three days on berries and how in the end he lit a fire by friction, how he caught his first fish and clothed himself with birch bark, how he made cutting tools of sharpened stones and finally killed a bear so that when at the end of two months he came out of the forests fully clothed he weighed more and was fitter in health than when he started this test.

After this talk and a visit to one of the Headquarters of the leading groups in the city, I was taken to see the

Reversing Falls, one of the wonderful natural sights of the world. Three great rivers all pour their waters through one narrow gorge into the harbour of Saint John, where the tide rises as much as 30 feet in height. In this gorge, when the tide is low, there is a roaring cataract seawards, but as the tide rises rapidly the ingoing sea water beats the fresh water flowing outwards with the result that for quite a long period before high tide the water rushes up through the gorge. So we have this remarkable phenomenon of the Reversing Falls.

The day concluded with a dinner of Scouters and Guiders and a conference which did not begin until 10.30 because most of the Scout and Guide officers were engaged in shops, and being Saturday, they were unable to meet at an earlier time. None the less it was a most enthusiastic gathering.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.

This was a comparatively quiet day, with a private visit in the morning to the beautiful country home of a friend of Lady Baden-Powell's, then lunch with the Mayor and a visit to the Provincial camp site 50 miles away at a place called Sussex, where many Scouts were in camp and where for the first time I tasted that delightful fruit the wild cherry, which grows in clusters like the red currants in England.

Not content with seeing this camp site, we motored another 200 miles in order to visit Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick. I had the pleasant experience of driving the car for part of the day. Canada, like most other countries except England, drives on the right, but it is quite easy to adapt oneself to the change. My only incident was when I found myself driving on a road which was under reconstruction. In Canada when a road is being reconstructed, the whole of it is torn up at once, so for about a mile I had to drive through loose gravel and sand intermingled with large rocks and other obstacles. But I survived better than a friend of mine who was driving me over a similar road a few days later, when we stuck in a quicksand and had to be hauled out ignominiously by a tractor. I was glad that it had not happened to me when I was driving somebody else's car.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.

My only official engagement was a lunch with 140 present, given jointly by the Canadian Rotary, Keiwanis and Gyro Clubs, another instance of the hospitality I experienced everywhere.

I was quite spoilt by good living at hotels and public and private entertainments, which included unlimited ice, unlimited cream and at every lunch and dinner the last course called "dessert," namely, an ice sweet in some form or other. Also at every hotel there was unlimited soap.

The only hardship, and that was very good for me I am sure, was that I had to clean my own shoes every one of the 52 days, for if you put your shoes outside your bedroom door at the hotel they disappear because the management assume that they had been discarded. Of course, you can get your shoes cleaned by the official boot black downstairs, but that was far too much trouble.

In the early afternoon I left Saint John for Montreal by train.

SEPTEMBER 12TH.

Montreal was reached at 8 a.m. I stepped gaily out of the train fully expecting an official welcome to which I had become accustomed. There was no one there!

Fortunately a Press representative arrived and took pity on me. He drove me to my hotel where I entertained him to breakfast and, over the meal, I was able to supply him with all the information he needed and which otherwise I should have had to give to the Press later on in the morning.

At about 9.30 the official Scout party turned up rather crestfallen. There had been some confusion between Standard Time, Eastern Time and Daylight Saving Time, and they had not gone to the Station until 9 a.m.

Then followed a very delightful interview with the Pro-Mayor and a drive round the city which, remember, is 80 per cent. French.

Then to a Rotary Club lunch of 250 and a thirty minutes' speech about A.R.P., which was broadcast.

After the lunch was over, as at Toronto, quite a number of Americans who had come specially from the United States, many of them 100 miles or more, shook me by the hand and

said "We are with you." I felt very heartened by this spontaneous expression of opinion against Germany by leading American citizens.

I visited the office of the "Montreal Star," had tea with the leading Guiders and then to a dinner by further distinguished Montreal citizens, all reported to be millionaires, given by Mr. Jackson Dodds, President of the Bank of Montreal. Sir Edward Beatty was also there and a most inspiring list of influential business men.

SEPTEMBER 13TH.

During the day I visited two hospitals. The Montreal General, one of the best equipped I have seen in Canada, and the Children's Memorial Hospital, where there was a little Company of Scouts and Guides, suffering from spinal complaints. I have never seen children so cheerful. The Scouts show their membership by wearing Scout scarves. I had a chat with them all and then asked the most cheerful boy of the lot how long he had been there. He said "Seven years." Think of it, seven years on his back, and yet as happy as if he had never had a day's illness.

The Guiders entertained me to lunch and 250 Scouters invited me to dinner. After the usual talk, two stories were told which were new to me.

One of a boy who was a prospective candidate for the Navy. He had to appear as usual for cross-examination before a Committee of Admirals. One of the questions which he was asked was—"What animals eat grass?" He hesitated quite badly.

The Admirals got rather impatient and at length one of them spelled out the question. What A-n-i-m-a-l-s eat grass.

"Oh! Sir," said the youth, "I thought you said 'What Admirals eat grass'."

Another was: A boy at school who had done badly in the Examinations wrote to his elder brother at home to warn his father of his failure in the hope that he would let him down lightly.

He received a wire in reply:—"Father prepared; prepare yourself."

SEPTEMBER 14TH.

Another day at Montreal—a morning with the Sea Scouts. There is a beautiful drive along the Lake Front Road from which we visited many boat-houses and saw boats belonging to the Sea Scouts, ranging from a big sailing boat with auxiliary power to two whalers built by the Scouts themselves.

The rest of the day I spent with the French Canadian Scouts and their Leaders. Fortunately for me they all speak English. I can read French and follow it with difficulty when spoken *very slowly*, but my speaking knowledge is almost non-existent and my accent atrocious. So all our conversations were conducted in English. But I heard that the French Canadians appreciated the fact that His Majesty The King spoke to them in perfect French.

No one could be more loyal and enthusiastic than the French-speaking population in Canada.

After lunch with the French Leaders I visited their two leading daily papers, "Le Devoir" and "La Presse," then the Grasset College (the Eton of the French Canadians), where there is a most flourishing Scout troop, run by one of the Professors.

Then I went out to see a Troop of Epileptic Scouts at Chambly. Except for the time when the fits overcome them, these boys are quite normal and they gave a very good display of singing and play-acting.

The Mother Superior told me that the number of fits per boy had been reduced by 30 per cent. since they had become Scouts. A notable instance of the triumph of mind over matter.

These Scouts, though suffering themselves, had actually helped a Cripple Troop in camp for a fortnight this Summer.

The day finished with a Dinner given by the French Canadians—150 of them, and there was a most amazing demonstration of loyalty and affection for the Empire.

At present there are 4,000 French Scouts in the Province of Quebec. I was promised four times that number if I go back again in four years time.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

A motor trip of 315 miles from Montreal across the frontier to Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, where I had promised to speak on World Scouting to a Conference of 1,250 National Scout Leaders of every State of America, representing 1,250,000 Scouts enrolled in the United States.

The journey took us through Colchester, Cambridge, Essex, St. Albans and other familiar names, across the border where, because I was English I believe, I was passed through the Customs without any formalities. The only outstanding incidents were being stuck on a road under reconstruction and being pulled out by a tractor, and meeting a house which was being moved bodily along the road.

I had often seen photographs of such an incident, but never one in reality. The house took up more than the whole of the road, covering also most of the grass verges on either side. There was only just room for our car to squeeze past with one wheel in the ditch.

On arrival at the Mount Washington Hotel, housing over 1,000 guests, in which this Conference was held, we received a most friendly welcome.

I was presented (to use the American phrase) at the dinner and was allowed to tell two or three stories to "break the ice."

I spent a happy evening, getting into personal touch with these fine Scout Executives, as they are called, and listening to some very able addresses.

SEPTEMBER 16TH.

During the day I attended a Sectional Conference and inspected a very fine display of Camp Gadgets.

The organisation of the Conference was most thorough. The whole of their Scouting programme is carried out with the same meticulous care for detail.

For instance, in the running of a Troop camp, America is not satisfied with less than four Leaders:—(1) Director of the Camp; (2) Commissary, namely the Quartermaster, who is responsible for supplies and catering; (3) Programme Director, responsible for the details of the time-table; and (4) Promotion Director, who takes charge of the preliminary arrangement for the camp.

In the afternoon I ascended Mount Washington, 6,000 feet high, by Cog Railway. This was a rather tedious business, but the view from the top made it well worth while.

It is the highest mountain in the White Mountain Range. Below us was set out a wonderful expanse of forest and lake.

Bretton Woods is one of the beauty spots of the United States and is well worth a visit.

In the evening the Scout Executives divided into twelve Groups and gave a series of clever impromptu sketches, in one of which a most vivid representation was shown of the devastating effects of a hurricane which had swept New Hampshire a year before.

The Scouts had played their part most manfully and the final scene showed the arrival of a telegram from the Chief Scout Executive which, of course, they imagined would be a message of congratulation on their wonderful work.

Actually it was imploring them to get three more subscribers for their paper "Boys' Life."

SEPTEMBER 17TH.

Another day of fine speeches in the morning by the Leaders of Religious Thought of all the chief denominations in the United States, followed by an afternoon off, when I ascended Mt. Cannon, 4,000 feet high, by Cable Railway, in which the car carrying passengers was suspended in mid-air.

At the top there was an icy wind which made it almost impossible to stand up or to hear what any one of us said. The temperature was 35 degrees Fahrenheit, and the attendant told me that just 24 hours before, the temperature stood at 112 degrees in the sun—a drop of 77 degrees in one day! I experienced a good many sudden changes of temperature, but nothing so violent as this.

In the evening I was billed to speak on World Scouting, but when the time came, the Chairman specially asked me to talk on my now familiar subject of Air Raid Precautions, which had been inflicted upon many Americans both at Montreal and Toronto.

I had naturally expected, in a neutral country, to give a neutral talk, but I explained that if I spoke on the subject of A.R.P., I could not help being intensely patriotic.

In spite of this fact I was asked to go ahead. I did so and at the end, the Conference, by singing our National Anthem, and in many other ways, showed that they were fully in sympathy with the Allied cause.

This was quite remarkable, as every one of the 48 States was fully represented, and though many of the Scout Executives had German names, they showed, with complete unanimity, that we could depend on their support in this war.

It was a most encouraging meeting and one which gave me a really optimistic outlook on the future.

I cannot close my record of this delightful Conference without a special word of gratitude to Head, the President of the Boy Scouts of America, and to Dr. West, who for so many years, and so successfully, has filled the immensely responsible position of Chief Scout Executive.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

The day was mainly spent on the return journey by road from the United States to Ottawa. The distance was 325 miles. The weather was perfect and the country fine, though we did miss the Adirondacks, through which my driver friend had promised to take me.

We reached Ottawa in time for dinner. I took the evening off and saw "The Wizard of Oz," one of the most delightful and fantastic films.

SEPTEMBER 19TH.

I was now beginning to be anxious as to how I should get back to England. I was told confidentially in Ottawa that all sailings were very uncertain, one boat being already held up in Halifax for a week, with 1,000 passengers on board, awaiting a convoy to England.

The air, therefore, seemed the only possible alternative. The Canadian Pacific, with whom I had booked my return passage in the *Empress of Britain*, which was to have sailed on September 23rd, were most helpful.

They got in touch with their representatives in New York to find, alas, that the *American Clipper*, due to leave that city on Saturday morning, was fully booked up, but that I could be put No. 2 on the waiting list; so my name went down at once.

Fortunately for me, the next day, two prospective passengers dropped out and a place was reserved for me.

I had lunch that day with members of the Ottawa Scout Council; then went to a Rally in the Ottawa Auditorium of 1,200 Scouts and Guides. This was a delightful audience. I asked them whether they were happy, healthy and helpful, and received a unanimous shout of "Yes" to each question. This formed the subject of my talk.

I should like to have shaken hands with every one of them, but I remembered that when I undertook a similar duty two-and-a-half years ago at the Corroboree in Adelaide, to celebrate the Centenary of South Australia, it took me every morning for a week to keep the promise I had made to shake hands with the 4,000 Scouts in camp. Incidentally, at the end of that period, my left hand was in a state of pulp from which it has not even now quite recovered.

So I invented a new technique, namely shaking hands with the Cubs by clusters. They seemed to enjoy the experience and it was quicker and less painful for me.

In the evening 275 Scouters and Guiders sat down to a meal in the crypt of Knox Church, where I had an opportunity of showing again my film of the King and Queen at Windsor, with the Princesses in uniform.

I also saw a most delightful film taken by a local Scouter of the visit of the King and Queen to Ottawa.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.

I received the good news that a seat had been booked for me in the *Clipper*. My weight had to be given—192 lb., and my allowance for luggage was 55 lb. I don't know whether this depended (but I don't think so) on my own personal weight, which had to be registered. Anyway, it meant that I had to jettison three suit-cases out of four, which were left behind at Ottawa, and will, I hope, reach me in due course. News of these at last on November 27th!

I lunched with the Scout Dominion Executive, and in the afternoon discussed with them the report which I had prepared on my visit to Canada and which I had already sent to the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir.

The report on my Guide activities was also prepared, which on my return I submitted to the Princess Royal, our President.

She very graciously acknowledged this report in a four page letter in her own hand-writing (one page of which I am privileged to reproduce).

report of Guiding
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How satisfactory
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going; I expect
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done a great

The Princess Royal was kind enough to write to me about the report on my Guiding experiences in Canada, which I forwarded to Her Royal Highness in her position as President of the Girl Guides Association. I am privileged to reproduce part of the letter above in facsimile. The complete letter was as follows:—

Dear Sir Percy,

In the absence of my Lady in Waiting, I am answering your letter. I am most grateful to you for your report of Guiding in Canada and have read it with great interest. How satisfactory to hear how well things are going; I expect your visit has done a great deal of good. I wish so much I could have seen you but perhaps later on if I am in London we might meet at Guide Headquarters—Hoping you are well and with renewed thanks,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) MARY.

In the evening, there was a most pleasant surprise in store for me. A dinner was given by the Dominion Scout Council of Canada. There were 44 present. Very nearly a full attendance, including the Chairman, Sir Edward Beatty, the Archbishop of Ottawa and General Maclaren.

Accompanied by some all too kind words by Mr. J. F. M. Stewart, Chairman of the Committee of the Council, a present was made to me of a complete set of brushes, combs, razors, scissors and all other necessities that any man could possibly need to ensure comfort in his toilet.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

The morning was spent in seeing the C.P.R. about my air tickets and the United States Consulate about my passport.

I was told that I was allowed to take free 55 lb. weight in luggage in the *Clipper*, 15 lb. more than on the Trans-Canadian Air Line. This meant that I could have carried two fairly well-filled suit-cases, but I decided to stick to only one, almost over-filled. The rest of my luggage, as I have said, was entrusted to the care of the Ottawa Scout authorities, to come later by freight.

One pleasant thing happened this morning. The President of the Canadian Manufacturers Association met me by chance in the street and said that his members were sorry I only spoke for five minutes at the Toronto Exhibition!

Then I went to lunch with H.E. Lord Tweedsmuir at Government House, where also I had the pleasure of meeting Lady Tweedsmuir and their two sons.

Lord Tweedsmuir expressed his great interest in my report and especially my contact with the United States Scout Executives.

When I told him that I was going to fly to England in the *Clipper*, he asked me to take charge of some of his English mail, which I did in my personal luggage and posted it in England on Monday night, September 25th. If it had come by air mail, judging from my own experience, the letters would have been nearly a fortnight on the way before delivery, instead of actually four days.

The Governors-General of Canada have invariably been of most outstanding ability and character, but I do not

think that any one of them has so quickly and so deeply won his way into the hearts of the Canadian people as has Lord Tweedsmuir. He has travelled widely and has made contacts with every phase of Canadian life.

I hope that his health may stand up to the strain which his high office will inevitably impose upon him at a critical time like this.

During lunch I mentioned my interest in the Indians, which led His Excellency's elder son to remark that I was the first person who had expressed sympathy with them in their unfortunate lot. He told me that he had just been living for a year in the far North amongst the Indians and Esquimaux, and actually had only heard of the Munich Agreement in the middle of July, 1939!

Lord Tweedsmuir was good enough to spare me half-an-hour of his valuable time to discuss Scout problems. But even doing that he told me he was acting against his doctor's orders.

Afterwards I visited the leading Handicraft School in Ottawa, where a large proportion of the boys were Scouts, and where they gave me some very delightful hand-hammered copper trays and candle-sticks.

Then we motored over 75 miles to Opemikon to see the Ottawa Camp Site. Another quite delightful site of lake and forest, 150 acres in extent, which had been purchased for £400.

I had breakfast that day, by the way, with F. H. Williamson, an old school friend from Ipswich who is now in charge of the National Parks of Canada.

SEPTEMBER 22ND.

I left Ottawa by train at 6.30 a.m. for New York to catch the *Clipper*. A very pleasant journey alongside Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. I reached New York at 8 p.m. and for the remainder of the evening I sampled the attractions of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—at that time of night a blaze of light and crowded with people.

I could not help contrasting this scene of life and gaiety with what I imagined was happening at the same hour in the centre of London.

SEPTEMBER 23RD, 24TH AND 25TH.

The most interesting journey back to England by air began at 8 a.m. in New York, when we joined the Limousine which had been chartered to take the *Clipper* passengers to Pt. Washington, 25 miles away, from which the airship made its start on the flight across the Atlantic.

It was a pleasant drive through the suburbs of New York, past the Exhibition Grounds which, in the morning sunshine, presented a most attractive appearance. I was told that the Russian exhibit was the best of all but that England's buildings were quite distinctive and striking. It was significant that Germany was not represented at all.

On arrival at the Airport we could see the *Clipper* riding at anchor, but there were many formalities to be undergone before we were allowed on board.

We were weighed again. Our luggage was weighed. We were closely questioned as to our health and nationality and where we had come from. The Customs investigated our belongings and we were asked to give a complete domestic picture of our lives.

With a comparatively small staff and 24 passengers to deal with, these preparations took some time. Eventually we went on board shortly after 11 o'clock.

The *Clipper* is an unusually beautiful flying-ship and makes the Trans-Canadian aeroplanes look small.

Ours was called the *American Clipper*. Others on the service are the *Yankee* and the *Dixie Clipper*.

Fully loaded she weighs 42 tons. Cruising speed is 150 miles an hour. By day she could carry 74 passengers, but for night flights the utmost capacity is 26. The seating accommodation consists of compartments for four like those in an express train to Scotland, with tables for meals. At night these compartments can be converted into sleeping bunks as comfortable as those on any train on which I have travelled.

There is one large room (it really is a room) which is left free as a sitting and smoking room at night. Three-course meals are served on board and there are excellent toilet arrangements.

The crew consists of five pilots, two radio men, two engineers and two attendants—eleven in all.

We found that the trip schedule was to be:—

- (1) New York to Shediac, New Brunswick.
- (2) Shediac to Botwood, Newfoundland.
- (3) Botwood to Foynes, Eire, and
- (4) Foynes to Poole, Dorset.

In Summer time the two first hops, New York to Shediac and Shediac to Botwood, can be made in the day-time so as to leave for the long flight to Foynes before night-fall, for remember that the *Clipper* does not come down at night unless in an emergency.

But when we crossed the days were drawing in and we were compelled to spend the night at Shediac.

As can well be imagined, the *Clipper* has to taxi on the water for a considerable distance at an ever increasing speed before she can lift from the water and, as with a land plane, the direction and strength of the wind are the vital factors. Therefore, a big stretch of water is necessary in which to manoeuvre.

It was a pleasant morning when we took our seats in the *Clipper*, with the usual instructions not to smoke and that we must wear a body-belt till we had risen to normal flying height, namely about 5,000 feet.

We were soon on our way, riding smoothly, with no more vibration or noise than the finest express train.

A three-course lunch was served and we then settled down comfortably to read, talk, or watch the ever-changing view below, till at 3.30 we came down in the harbour at Shediac, having flown 600 miles.

All the party landed by boats from the *Clipper* and proceeded to the Hotel at Shediac for the night.

Shediac is only a small fishing village. The hotel was very comfortable and we were lucky to be there for the lobster season, for which Shediac is famous.

In the morning we were in the *Clipper* again and started off at 10.30 on our next flight to Botwood, in Newfoundland, which was reached by 1.30, a flight of 470 miles. This was just as pleasant as the trip from New York to Shediac had been. Newfoundland from the air seemed to be all lakes

and forests. Botwood itself is a pleasant little town and evidently the great event of the week for all the inhabitants was to see the *Clipper* on arrival and departure.

Fuelling takes place by means of a petrol pipe running from the shore to the ship, with very elaborate precautions against fire. By 3.30, all preparations were made for the great hop to Foynes, on the Shannon, in Eire, 2,000 miles away. This flight was scheduled to take about 15 hours.

Now came the time complications. Flying East we were to lose five hours, so that when we started at 3.30, Newfoundland time, it was actually 8.30 p.m. Irish time. So five hours went West, as the saying goes, and I think each individual passenger decided for himself whether Sunday or Monday was to be the 19-hour day.

It was light for some hours after we started on this last big flight. I looked out for the first two or three hours, but there was never a boat in sight and the sea looked like a big, calm lake.

Then came bed time. I had a most comfortable bed and slept just as peacefully as if I had been in my own bed at home. Once or twice during the night I felt sub-consciously the familiar jolt that an aeroplane experiences in rough weather, and in the morning we were told that we had gone into fog and had a fifty mile-an-hour gale against us. We were therefore going to be two hours late in reaching Foynes. But I can assure you that there was no feeling of insecurity, and in the morning I had a comfortable wash and shave—there is no bath on board—and a light breakfast.

When we were nearing the Irish coast a few vessels could be seen, but no submarines or warships!

Finally, at 1 p.m. we dropped down on to the waters of the Shannon. The pilots showed great skill in reducing the pace and just skimming the water before settling down, without any jar whatsoever.

Ireland was true to its title, an Emerald Green Island, and I think we all enjoyed the opportunity of going on land again and still more the meal of bacon and eggs which the local hotel provided.

Our stay at Foynes lasted $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, giving us time to look around and talk to the inhabitants and generally to get to know something about life in Eire.

What struck me most was that *everyone* I talked to was enthusiastically pro-Ally.

Formalities here included a questionnaire from the Health Authorities of Southampton, one piece of information required being where one had stayed on the last 14 nights. This was not an easy question to answer.

The *Clipper* cannot, of course, now come to England, but an Imperial Airways machine was waiting for us, in which we made our last flight of all, over South Ireland, Wales and the West of England, till we dropped down after a perfect $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours' flight of 350 miles, at Poole, in Dorset.

To me, as a Scout, it was specially interesting that at the last we flew over Brownsea Island at the mouth of Poole Harbour, where the Chief Scout's first experimental camp was held in 1907.

Our passenger list included four ladies, many business men, Lord Ravensworth, a Cub Commissioner from Northumberland, and Monty Banks, the famous film producer. That is why the first person we saw on coming to the quay-side was Gracie Fields, looking a picture of health and beauty.

Our journey home ended with four hours in the train from Bournemouth to London in pitch darkness, reaching the Metropolis at midnight.

I ought here to chronicle my meals on that last day.

- (1) Coffee and fruit in the *Clipper*.
- (2) Bacon and eggs at Foynes.
- (3) A pork pie and apple at the refreshment room at Bournemouth Station (there being no refreshment car on the train).

I should not like to quote what some of our American friends in the *Clipper* thought of their first experience of England under war conditions.

EPILOGUE.

Four days later I was honoured by a command from H.M. The King, to tell him all about my tour.

He granted me an audience alone of 45 minutes. I was able to tell him much that is written here, with:—

- (1) Special emphasis on the amazing demonstration of loyalty that the visit of Their Majesties to Canada had evoked.
- (2) The universal opinion throughout Canada that the "Queen stole the show."
- (3) The spontaneous expression of loyalty and affection for the Crown by the French Canadians.
- (4) The remarkable influence that Their Majesties' visit had on public opinion in the United States through their visit to New York and Washington.

May I also say that my audience with His Majesty closed with a practical demonstration of the methods Scouts employ in lacing their shoes.

It was a memorable interview for me and I was very impressed with the King's grasp of, and interest in our Movement, and his outstanding and compelling personality.



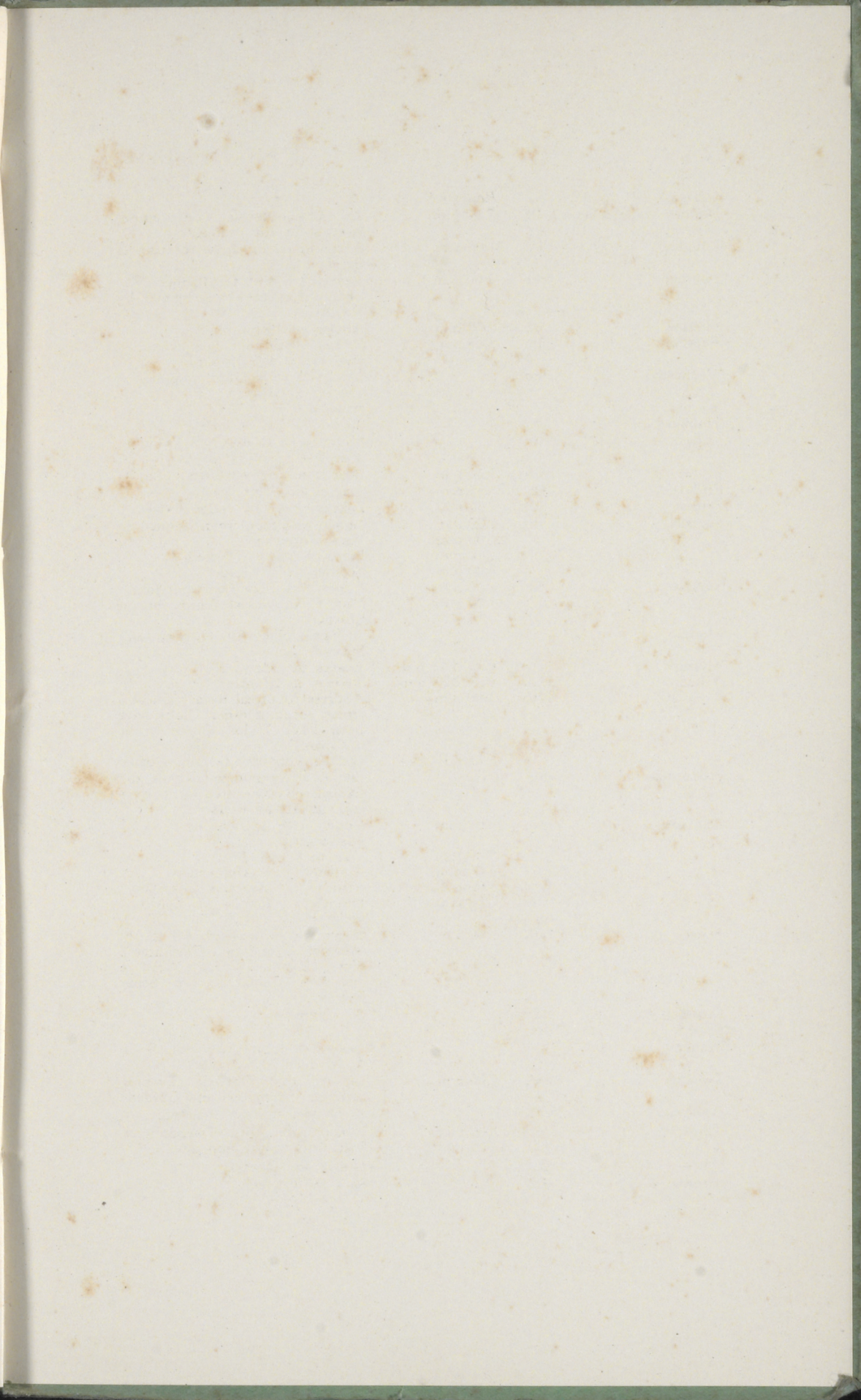
SCOUT METHOD OF TYING THE SHOE-LACE.

Revised Itinerary for Sir Percy Everett.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>		<i>Railway Time.</i>	<i>Places.</i>
Saturday,	August	5th		Leaving England by "Empress of Britain."
Thursday	"	10th		Arriving at Quebec City. Calling upon Cardinal Villeneuve?
Friday	"	11th		Rally of Quebec Scouts and meeting of Leaders if possible.
Friday	"	11th	C.P. 5.00 p.m. to 9.00 p.m.	Travelling to Montreal.
Saturday	"	12th		At Tamaracouta—Quebec Scout Camp.
Sunday	"	13th		Motoring to Bois Franc (near Montreal, Quebec week-end camp site). Spend night in Montreal.
Monday	"	14th	C.P. 7.50 a.m.	Leave for Ottawa.
Monday	"	14th	C.P. 11.00 a.m.	Arrive Ottawa—address Rotary Club. Call upon certain outstanding Canadian citizens.
Tuesday	"	15th		At Dominion Headquarters.
Tuesday	"	15th	9.30 p.m.	Leave Ottawa by plane for Vancouver.
Wednesday	"	16th	11.05 a.m.	Arriving in Vancouver. No definite plans for the remainder of the day.
Thursday	"	17th		In Vancouver. Address joint luncheon of Canadian Clubs and Service Clubs.
Thursday	"	17th	11.59 p.m.	Night boat for Victoria.
Friday	"	18th		In Victoria. Address a Canadian Club luncheon meeting. Rally of Scouts and Leaders in evening.
Friday	"	18th		Night boat for Vancouver.
Saturday	"	19th		Visiting Camp Byng.
Saturday	"	19th	C.P. 7.35 p.m.	Leaving for Calgary.
Sunday	"	20th	C.P. 2.50 p.m.	Arrives at Field, B.C., and takes car to Banff.
Sunday	"	20th	C.P. 6.15 p.m.	Catches train at Banff for Calgary.
Sunday	"	20th	C.P. 8.25 p.m.	Arrives at Calgary.
Monday	"	21st		Wolf Cub Rally in Calgary, 9 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. After Rally, with Colonel J. H. Woods, flying to Camp Woods in time for lunch.
Tuesday	"	22nd		Provincial Jamboree. Remaining at Jamboree in Camp Woods until afternoon and then flying from Camp Woods to Edmonton to attend rally of Wolf Cubs at 8.00 p.m.
Tuesday	"	22nd	C.P. 10.30 p.m.	Leaving for Saskatoon.
Wednesday	"	23rd	C.P. 11.15 a.m.	Arrives at Saskatoon.
Wednesday	"	23rd		Address Canadian Club at luncheon. In late afternoon or evening, rally of Cubs, Scouts and Guides.
Wednesday	"	23rd	C.P. 11.40 p.m.	Leaves for Regina.
Thursday	"	24th	C.P. 5.35 a.m.	Arrives in Regina, but does not leave the train until 8.30 a.m.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>	<i>Railway Time.</i>	<i>Places.</i>
Thursday	August 24th		At about 10.00 a.m., a party will leave by motor for the home of Dr. Jackes for lunch. After lunch a visit will be made to Gilwell Camp site at Lebret to meet a small group of Scouters. The party will then return by motor to Regina. In the evening in Regina, there will be a rally of Cubs, Scouts and Guides.
Friday	„ 25th		In Regina, Canadian Club lunch. Dinner at "Hotel Saskatchewan" in the evening.
Friday	„ 25th	C.P. 9.25 p.m.	Leaves for Winnipeg.
Saturday	„ 26th	C.P. 8.15 a.m.	Arrives in Winnipeg.
Saturday	„ 26th		1 p.m., in Winnipeg, Private luncheon meeting with some outstanding people interested in Scouting.
			4 p.m., Rally in Public Park.
Sunday	„ 27th		8 p.m., Scouters' Meeting.
Monday	„ 28th		Visit to Provincial Camp Site, Lake Winnipeg.
Monday	„ 28th		Address Canadian Club at luncheon meeting. Address Scouters' dinner in the evening.
Tuesday	„ 29th	3.10 a.m.	Leave Winnipeg by plane for Toronto.
Tuesday	„ 29th	11.0 a.m.	Arrives in Toronto.
Tuesday	„ 29th		Early afternoon free. Tea at Provincial Commissioner Locke's to meet some of Executive Committee members. Evening dinner of representative citizens.
Wednesday	„ 30th		Luncheon, Toronto and Provincial Executive Committees in Toronto. Evening dinner in Hamilton with representative citizens.
Thursday	„ 31st		Luncheon, Hamilton Rotary and other Clubs invited. Evening dinner in London with representative citizens, followed by Scouters' Rally.
Friday	September 1st		Luncheon, Toronto Rotary Club with other Clubs invited. Tea or other meeting with Commissioner Warren, of Girl Guides. Evening Rally of Toronto Scouters and Guiders.
Saturday	„ 2nd	3.00 p.m.	Visit Toronto Exhibition, Camp of Crooked Creek.
Saturday	„ 2nd	5.00 p.m.	Leave by plane for Montreal.
Saturday	„ 2nd	7.45 p.m.	Arrive at Montreal (St. Huberts).
Saturday	„ 2nd	C.N. 8.05 p.m.	Leaves St. Huberts for Moncton, N.B.
Sunday	„ 3rd	C.N. 3.25 p.m.	Arrives at Moncton, N.B., Attending Rover Moot and after spending afternoon and evening in camp, stay with Gundry's for night.
Monday	„ 4th		Motoring to Cape Tormentine to catch 11.00 a.m. boat for Borden, P.E.I.
Monday	„ 4th	11.45 a.m.	Arrives in Borden to proceed to Summerside by motor for lunch party.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Dates.</i>		<i>Railway Time.</i>	<i>Places.</i>
Monday	September	4th	7.00 p.m.	In Charlottetown. A dinner meeting in the evening.
Tuesday	"	5th	1.00 p.m.	A combined luncheon meeting of Service Clubs.
Tuesday	"	5th	3.00 p.m.	Leaves by boat for Pictou, N.S. (flying if it can be arranged by R.C.A.F.).
Tuesday	"	5th	8.00 p.m.	Arrives at Pictou, N.S.
Tuesday	"	5th	8.15 p.m.	Leaves Pictou for New Glasgow and arrives at 9.05 p.m.
Wednesday	"	6th		Motoring to Halifax, stopping at Truro. (Flying it if can be arranged).
Thursday	"	7th		Spend the day at Halifax, N.S.
Friday	"	8th		Motoring to Digby, N.S. (Flying if service is available).
Friday	"	8th	3.10 p.m.	Boat from Digby to Saint John.
Friday	"	8th	5.55 p.m.	Arrives at Saint John.
Friday	"	8th	6.30 p.m.	Dinner given by Judge Baxter.
Saturday	"	9th	1.00 p.m.	Lunch with Saint John Council.
			3.00 p.m.	Visit to Hospital.
			4.00 p.m.	Patrol Leaders' Meeting.
			8.00 p.m.	Scouters and Guiders.
Sunday	"	10th	1.00 p.m.	Lunch with Mayor of Saint John.
			3.00 p.m.	Visit to Provincial Camp Site at Sussex.
Monday	"	11th		In Saint John. Lunch with Joint Service Clubs.
Monday	"	11th	C.P. 4.15 p.m.	Leaves for Montreal.
Tuesday	"	12th	C.P. 6.50 a.m.	Arrives in Montreal.
Tuesday	"	12th	1.00 p.m.	Address Montreal Rotary Club to which meeting other Clubs have been asked. This speech to be broadcast.
			7.00 p.m.	Dinner with Mr. Jackson Dodds.
Wednesday	"	13th		Dinner of prominent citizens and Executive Committee. Scouters Club at Headquarters.
Thursday	"	14th	1.00 p.m.	Lunch with French Scout Commissioners.
			3.00 p.m.	Visit to French Press.
			4.00 p.m.	Audience with Archbishop.
			5.00 p.m.	Visit to Grasset and Chambli.
			7.00 p.m.	Dinner, French Canadian Scouters.
Friday	"	15th	9.00 a.m.	Leaves by motor with Mr. S. B. McMichael for Mount Washington Hotel, Bretton Woods, N.H., to attend a Conference of Scout Executives.
Saturday and Sunday	"	16th and 17th		At Conference.
Monday	"	18th		Leaves by motor with Mr. S. B. McMichael for Ottawa.
Tuesday	"	19th	1.00 p.m.	Lunch, Ottawa Council. Evening meeting of Scouters and Guiders.
Wednesday	"	20th		In Ottawa at Board meeting.
Thursday	"	21st	1.00 p.m.	Lunch with Lord Tweedsmuir.
			3.00 p.m.	Visit to Ottawa Camp Site.
Friday	"	22nd		Leaves for Quebec.
Saturday	"	23rd		Sails for England.



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THE EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES COMPANY LIMITED,
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